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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

UNREST IN THE ORIENT

So many apply the term 'Bolshevism' to all political or social radicalism which they do not understand, that this newcomer in our vocabulary promises to contribute confusion rather than clarity to our thought. Three weeks ago we printed an article from the well-informed and non-sensational *London Statist*, which mentioned the eastward spread of Bolshevism, and stated that several Japanese regiments tainted with this virus had been recalled from the Siberian front. In Japan itself the name is loosely attached to any form of social and political discontent, of which there is an abundance in the Mikado's empire. Mr. Basil Mathews, Secretary of the London Missionary Society, who was Chairman of the Literary Committee of the British Ministry of Information during the war, describes the same political ferment in the older terms of international rivalry and antagonisms. Professor Wilhelm Schüler, who also speaks with intimate knowledge of his subject, points more specifically to the new element introduced into Oriental politics by the Russian propaganda of world-revolution. Both articles are more or less speculative; for the problems which

their authors discuss are essentially problems of the future. But they invite our gaze to a section of the horizon which it is prudent to scan with care.

REACTION IN GERMANY

THE swing toward reaction and militarism in Germany, which it was hoped had been effectively checked by the failure of the Kapp revolt, apparently still continues. The recalcitrant military organizations have not been dissolved and Germany has not been disarmed. The centre of reaction is in Pomerania. According to the semi-official *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, the alleged demobilization of the Baltic forces was a mere blind. After publicly delivering their arms they returned under cover of night to the depots and got them again. The University of Griefswald, one of the oldest and richest in Germany, is said to be a Junker stronghold. The institution draws its revenues from no fewer than eighty great estates which are let out to Pan-Germans of an extreme type. Jews are excluded from the institution and the old student corps are encouraged. The enrollment has recently risen from 1800 to 3000, and the student body is

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said to be well officered and drilled as a military force. The small island of Danholm forms a virtual arsenal. Other depots of munitions and arms exist in the same locality. It is commonly rumored that a new military revolt may be expected in this region before the middle of the summer. British observers not only confirm these reports, but also add that nearly every farmhouse in Southern Germany conceals arms and ammunition.

Yet it is barely possible that these disturbing rumors are largely hallucinations inspired by the general nervousness caused by the Kapp revolt. How open the public mind of Germany is to false alarm is illustrated by an incident which recently occurred at the Berlin War Office. At the instance of the Defense Department two officers and a few radical labor leaders were arrested, while in a conference at the Ministry itself, on the charge of conspiring to overthrow the government. The men arrested were alleged to be planning a joint uprising of the Militarists and the Spartacans — the extreme reactionaries and the extreme revolutionists. Investigation showed, however, that the true object of the meeting was to arrange for the peaceable delivery to the authorities of the concealed weapons in the hands of the Spartacans.

A certain professor, Fritz Kern, publishes in the *Grenzboten* his personal impression of the Kapp revolt, which he witnessed in a private capacity, although as a sympathetic observer. He says among other things:

General Ludendorff was besought by his old friend Bauer to attend their conferences as a private person. He did not approve their enterprise, but he is a man excessively loyal to his friends and comrades. Assuming that what Bauer told him was true, he gave his professional advice to hold out on the course they had begun. This was a purely military recommendation. His lack of political insight again did him an ill-

turn. Naturally this recommendation strengthened the determination of the desperadoes. The appeal to his authority steadied those among them who were wavering.

After the hopelessness of the military revolt became so evident that even its most enthusiastic supporters were no longer deceived, they still deluded themselves with fanciful plans for saving the situation.

Up to the very last Captain Pabst declared that if the legitimate government did not accept Kapp's conditions without reservation, they would unite with Daümig — the Radical-Socialist leader — to form a Daümig-Ludendorff dictatorship. Daümig was invited to a conference at the National Chancery. It goes without saying that he did not accept the invitation.

Partly as a result of recent political occurrences in Germany, the conservative parties appear to be disintegrating. Professor Delbrück is said to have refused to allow his name to be put up in the coming parliamentary election. The leader of the German Nationalists in the present Parliament, Count Posadovsky, has made a similar decision. Several other prominent members of the party have retired to private life. Their action is interpreted as a protest against the sympathy shown by the Junker wing of the party toward the Kapp revolt.

FRENCH INTELLECTUALS ORGANIZING

WE referred recently to the organization of a brain-workers' union in France called *La Confédération des Travailleurs Intellectuels*, and to its relation with another society called *Les Compagnons de l'Intelligence*. The latter society appeals to individuals whether members of the *Confédération* or not. Many men in intellectual pursuits do not logically belong to any group or 'syndicate.' The purpose of the *Compagnons* is social and intellectual rather than economic, to insure

conditions favorable for free research and production in letters, science, and art, rather than to promote the material interests of these professions and their members. The latter task is left to the syndicates of the *Confédération*. *Les Compagnons* do charge themselves, however, with maintaining a certain quality of production, which is menaced by existing conditions in Europe. This society is now a working organization, and held its first general meeting at Paris last March.

La Confédération des Travailleurs Intellectuels now has a rival organization called *La Confédération de l'Intellectualité et de la Production Française*. This indicates that the intellectuals of France are still debating questions of tactics; as the two confederations obviously compete in the same field.

Another society of scholars, writers, scientists, and artists resulting from the war is *La Clarté*, organized about a year ago by a group of authors who condemn the spirit and theories controlling the Peace Conference, and have united to fight the old imperialism which that Conference perpetuated. The name was adopted from the title of a work by Henri Barbusse, and the union embraces a group of authors and artists of international reputation. The name is intended to typify the disinterested idealism of the society's aims, the fairness and frankness of its declarations, and the spirit of academic honesty which characterizes its adherents. Among the prominent members are: from France, Henri Barbusse, Anatole France, Georges Duhamel, Steinlen, Jules Romain, Paul Signac, Romain Rolland, I. H. Rosny, Laurent Tailhade, Gustave Kahn, Charles Vildrac, Paul Foit, Victor Margueritte, and many others, especially the younger French writers; from Spain, V. B. Ibañez; from England, I. Zang-

will, Bertrand Russell, H. G. Wells, Thomas Hardy, and Bernard Shaw; from Germany and Austria, Max Nordau, Stefan Zweig, Karl Seelig, Andreas Latzko, Prof. Max Lehmann, H. Hesse, and Heinrich Mann; from Italy, Mathilde Serao, Benedetto Croce; from Switzerland, Ernst Bloch, Prof. A. Forel; from Belgium Edmond Picard, H. van de Velde; from Sweden, Ellen Key; and from Holland, Dr. Brouwer, and Frederick van Eeden. The organization supports a periodical which bears its name. Anatole France in a Christmas greeting last year summed up the doctrine of the society as follows:

The salvation of the peoples of the earth depends on the clearness of their vision. Men who know and comprehend the truth must be heard. Their labors are not labors of force, but of wisdom and reason. Not only is their message a true one, but it speaks the only truth through which future peace can come. To awaken the universal conscience of mankind is the lofty goal toward which we strive. This is the most necessary and the most glorious of all duties.

THE RUSSIAN SITUATION

DURING the late winter and early spring,—about the time the resumption of trade with Russia began to be seriously discussed,—several efforts were made to procure authoritative information regarding conditions in the Soviet Republic. We publish a report of the London delegates of Co-operative Societies in this issue. A delegate from the Italian Socialists, Signor Bombacci, an enthusiastic pro-Bolshevist, who was permitted by his government to negotiate in behalf of Italy with the Soviet Commissioners in Copenhagen, is said to have returned greatly disillusioned. On the other hand, the *Manchester Guardian* is publishing a series of articles from its correspondents in Russia, giving a more optimistic view of the situation there.

The reported capture of Baku by the Bolsheviks represents a military gain of far greater significance than the attention given it by our own press might lead one to surmise. It more than compensates in its immediate economic effect for the recent Bolshevik losses on the Polish front; for not only does it give the Moscow dictators fuel which they greatly need, and probably control of the Caspian-Volga highway, but it places them in direct communication with the friendly Mohammedan populations of Anatolia and Azerbaijan, and thus forges an important link in the chain of communication for the campaign in Asia, of which one phase is described in the article we print upon Bolshevism in China.

BESSARABIAN LAND POLICY

IL MESSAGGERO has published a letter from its Bucharest correspondent, describing the experience of the Roumanians with Bolshevik land reform in Bessarabia. It will be recalled that before that province was annexed by the Kingdom, it had experienced a Bolshevik revolution and that the agreement of annexation contained a provision, inserted at the instance of the Bessarabians, providing that the revolutionary land system should remain untouched. According to this correspondent, the essential features of the new agrarian law were: equal allotment, coöperative administration, inalienability, and abolition of inheritance.

Coöperative administration was indispensable, because the laboring classes who thus took title to the land had no capital, no agricultural implements, and no credit. The townships had to provide these. But communal administration engendered interminable discords and controversies accompanied by charges of corruption

and favoritism. In the second place, since land could not be bought and sold, peasants are deprived of the principal incentive to labor, as the only motive they know for extra toil, above that required for a bare subsistence, is to enlarge their farms. The abolition of inheritance, though widely approved in theory, is unpopular in practice, because the peasants have no confidence the government will provide, as promised, for their surviving wives and children. This correspondent says that when the King recently vetoed a law to provide for extending the Bessarabian system to the remainder of Roumania, even the Bolsheviks themselves made little protest.

ECONOMIC RECOVERY IN CENTRAL EUROPE

THE committee of business men, representing the Foreign Commerce Corporation of America, has recently visited Vienna and Prague. Interviews with its members, Messrs. Grayson, Murphy, Anderson, and Dunovan, and accounts of their investigations, occupied generous space in the Vienna and Budapest newspapers. They are reported to have conferred with leading industrialists, including the representatives of the Austrian steel and coal industries. These gentlemen, who are referred to frequently as 'The Morgan Group,' have made it plain that their purpose is merely to survey the field for the purpose of ascertaining what measures may be wisely undertaken to restore the industrial prosperity of Austria. It is the general impression that some scheme is on foot for advancing raw materials and taking in return manufactured goods. It is suggested that a company, composed of Americans and Europeans, may be organized to act as trustee for such materials and manufactures. A corporation has already

been formed in Hamburg, called the *Deutsche Waren-Treuhand-A-G*, which is intended to perform similar functions; and other companies of the same general type are pouring foreign capital into German industries.

Speaking of the improving German exchange the *Statist* says:

Among influences making for the mark rise are the sale of German securities to America, and the stopping of the 'Hole in the West,' through which costly foreign luxury goods streamed in while German capital streamed out. There is also the increased American and neutral tendency to give Germany credit, and to place in Germany the big mark credits now in foreign banks. This is being done by companies like the recently founded 'German-Dutch Mortgage and Real Estate Company' and the Swiss 'Exploitation Bureau for Foreign Currency.' In Holland has been founded another company, the 'Ruil Maatschappij,' which promises to provide raw material credits. Also, German companies are in increasing measure obtaining raw materials for manufacture exclusively for foreign account, the manufacturer being given part of the raw material, which is turned into goods for home sale, as payment for his work. One of the largest South German boot factories is working on this basis. Against these factors making for a further improvement in mark exchange is the circumstance that the rapid rise of the mark to about double its low point against sterling and the dollar, and to considerably more as against French, Belgian, and Italian currency, has brought the prices of German exports to near the world-market level, and in some branches to considerably above it; and that a general fall of the home price level seems excluded by continuing inflation.

At the same time unemployment is said to be decreasing. According to the *London Telegraph*:

The Central Statistical Bureau reports a considerable improvement in conditions of employment. The last report of the 33 chief unions of specialized labor show that, of 4,432,670 members, only 129,877, or 2.9 per cent, were unemployed. Among the more important industries the worst employed are the textile, which has 6.4 per cent of members without work, and the building trade, which has 4.1 per cent. The employment bureaus show a steady decline in the number of work seekers. In Berlin the number of persons drawing unemployment support fell from 47,000 in February to 44,000 in March.

AUSTRIA WITH ITALY

DURING the recent conference between Chancellor Renner of Austria and the Italian Government at Rome, arrangements were made for important economic assistance to be given the former country by Italy. But this immediate relief is reported to be of minor importance compared with the larger programme of Premier Nitti. German Tyrol is to be granted an autonomous, provincial government with its own parliament. Trieste is to be erected into a free port so far as Austria is concerned. Preliminary conferences over a custom agreement are rumored to have occurred. Nitti's friendly attitude toward economic assistance to Germany suggests that the recent interviews at Rome prepared the way for forging a first link in the new chain of economic alliances ultimately to reach from the Adriatic to the North Sea, and probably to the mouth of the Danube.

When the Allies, largely at the instance of France, prevented the union of German Austria and Germany, the principal object was avowedly to prevent the formation of a new 'Middle Europe' bloc. The subsequent estrangement of Italy and France seems not unlikely to defeat this purpose, and we may see Italy head of a Central European Entente.

A BANDIT 'REFORMER'

THE capture of Max Hölz, the ex-movie actor who became a Spartan leader and revived a robber-baron part in that rôle, marks the end of a brief reign of terror in the *Vogtland* of Southeastern Saxony, following the recent Kapp revolt. This is a lace-making centre, where there has been much unemployment of late, and conditions were favorable for radical success. The natural beauty of this region — in 'Saxon Switzer-

land'—has made it a favorite place of summer residence for wealthy citizens, who have many luxurious villas in the vicinity. Shortly before the suppression of the Spartacan outbreak, the following poster appeared on the signboards and hoardings of Plauen:

According to the latest newspaper dispatches, the authorities at Berlin propose to crush our local labor government by force of arms. We, therefore, call upon all the Arson Committees to be in readiness to do their duty the moment the National Guard invades the district. You are to set fire only to the villas of the propertied classes and government buildings of every kind. You must be careful to spare banks, because we need them in the public interest. In addition to burning the buildings we describe, you are to blow up all bridges and railway lines. We beg our comrades in the Arson Committees to avoid under all circumstances injuring the residences or property of workmen or the petty bourgeoisie. For the present, you are not to destroy any factories. These are to be destroyed only upon the receipt of specific orders from the Red Executive Committee in Falkenstein.

On March 29 Hölz visited Plauen from his headquarters at Falkenstein in armored cars, destroyed a local newspaper office, and seized as a hostage the son of a wealthy manufacturer, for whom he finally got a ransom of one hundred thousand marks, an exploit typical of his brief but energetic criminal career.

BULGARIAN ELECTIONS

THE Bulgarian elections held on March 28 added twenty-five seats to the Agrarian Delegation in Parliament and the leader of that party, Mr. Stamboulski, will remain at the head of the government. He recently stated in an interview to a representative of *Le Temps*:

At this first session the new parliament will enact a land law limiting holdings to a size which the owner can cultivate personally. . . . A second law will have for its object drafting into labor service all young men exempted from military service. Our country is so impoverished by the war that it cannot permit anyone to be

idle. The drafted workers will be employed in making roads, railways, and public buildings, and in developing our forest and agricultural resources.

The second strongest party in Parliament is the Communist, whose platform is about the same as that of the Russian Bolsheviks, and who have gained strength in the last election at the expense of the moderate Socialists and Radicals. Of two hundred and twenty-eight representatives in Parliament, one hundred and ten are Agrarians and fifty Communists. The remainder are scattered among seven other parties.

BRITAIN'S HEAVY CROWN OF EMPIRE

THE staid and sober-minded London *Statist* concludes an article upon the United States with the following significant paragraph:

The Germans, whatever else they may have been, were at least watchful observers of the preparations of the United States in the last year of the war; and yet it came as a surprise upon the Germans that America, with the aid of the English Fleet, was able to land three millions of soldiers in Europe. Is there anybody so ignorant of the United States as to believe that the experience of 1918 has been already forgotten or is likely to be very soon forgotten? And if there is not, is it not perfectly plain that we in this country are acting without even an idea of how we ought to prepare for a future which, whatever it may be, will, at all events, introduce great changes? We have, as already said, not only added to the greatest Empire the world has ever seen, Persia, Mesopotamia, and Palestine, but we seem to be convinced that we can practically rule all these without trouble to ourselves; that we can at the same time show to all the world that we are the most reactionary and most tyrannical government upon earth; (not only) that we can rob the natives of Ireland of their land and give it to Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Welshmen, but that we are determined to keep the memory of the fact in the mind of the Irish people, and so to proclaim to all the earth that while we are adding and grabbing in the most voracious way lands all over the earth, we are at the same time showing that even in a little country only sixty miles from our shore we are not able to govern with ordinary decency.

[British *Review of Reviews* (Liberal Monthly), April-May]

THE CHALLENGE FROM THE EAST

BY BASIL MATHEWS

BEHIND the curtain that has fallen at the end of the war — that most tragic act in the world's drama — the stage is now being set for a fresh scene.

On the nature of that scene all the future of our lives hangs. For on the hidden stage of the theatre of history the men are even now taking their places for a play so stupendous that all humanity will be involved. There will be no audience, for we shall all be actors. And in the play the destinies — not only of our individual lives but of world-civilization — will be decided.

What are the facts?

A great Japanese statesman declared quite early in the war that that stupendous conflict was the beginning of the end of European civilization. The next scene in the world's history would witness the decay of the West and the rise of a new and dominant civilization in the East.

What are the considerations that back up this momentous assertion?

It would clearly be true, at the outset, to say that the plan and desire of the nations to see a placid pastoral scene of peace follow the tragic turmoil of war will certainly be frustrated. Already we are involved in the vastest and most violent upheaval of human spirit that has ever been staged in the theatre of history. The earth shakes with the crash of historic dynasties. The dust is whirling still above prostrate civilization.

When war broke out in 1914 five empires of the despotic military type remained on the earth's surface. They

were the German, the Austrian, the Turkish, the Russian, and the Japanese. *To-day four out of the five are smashed in irretrievable ruin.* Japan alone remains. The old European order has gone — the one Asiatic power, rich now beyond the dream of avarice, with its man-power unimpaired and its ambitions vaster than those of Alexander, leaps upon the stage fully equipped. On the face of it, then, the first and dominant facts of the world situation are in favor of the Oriental statesman-prophet whom I have quoted.

You may trace back through recorded time, and you will not discover anywhere — even after the fall of the Roman Empire — a scene which in range and in awful significance can eclipse or even parallel this amazing reality that lies before our eyes. A third of the human race has lost its old rule. From the Rhine to the Pacific Ocean, from the Baltic to the Persian Gulf, the Teutonic, the Slavonic, the Turanian, and the Semitic peoples stumble bewildered and maddened amid the crashing *débris* of their broken civilizations. Hundreds of millions of people are without a settled state — sheep without a shepherd, men without a master word to guide their confused and disordered lives through the chaos and darkness.

But the fifth empire, as we see, remains as protagonist in the great dramatic contest for the mastery of the Pacific. And the mastery of the Pacific will mean the hegemony of the world

— the leadership of the human race. For the centre of gravity of the world's politics is shifting with staggering swiftness from the Atlantic to the Pacific. That is the clue to the play's next scene. It is the key to a multitude of issues that perplex and bewilder the British mind.

For instance, much that annoys the normal British mind, which has what the Freudian psychologists would call an 'Atlantic complex,' as that mind surveys the actions of America, would more readily be understood, appreciated, and approved, if we recognized that the mind of America is even more absorbed in the problem of her Pacific coast than of her Atlantic littoral. She sees rising up there in the Pacific a tremendous military and naval island power backed by the absolutely inexhaustible reservoirs of men and of mineral resources that Asia holds. Japan looms far larger in the American mind than Germany — but, be it understood, not in either case is the attitude necessarily, on a long perspective, hostile. America is forced to think protectively, and she does not need or wish to think aggressively, of her immense interests and responsibilities on the shores of the Pacific Ocean. When America talks of not wishing to be tied to European policies, or asks for a big navy, *we* think of Europe and the Atlantic; *she* thinks of Asia and the Pacific. And we must think that problem through with America from that point of view before we begin to criticize her.

If this is the broad reality of the new world situation — this transfer of strategic interests from the Atlantic and European to the Pacific and Asiatic — what are the facts of the Pacific scene? The facts are these:

First the rise of the power of Japan which we have already visualized.

Secondly we see China as the vastest

reservoir of soldiering and of labor on the surface of the earth. We see there a race of some five hundred millions of people, hardy, industrious, careless of death; with high capacity for organization, and with the most tremendous resources of coal, iron, and all other mineral products that remain in the world. China has enough good coal to supply the whole human race at its present consumption of a billion tons a year for a thousand years; and alongside the coal, great iron deposits. Already she can make pig iron and transport it to America at rates that enable the American steel manufacturers who purchase it to compete with the Bethlehem and Pittsburgh steel kings. China, for long an Empire protected by exclusive traditions in an age-long conservatism, is now a republic open to the flow of world tides.

If, in a war, an enemy started killing Chinese soldiers at a million men a year, and if China were using ten per cent of her population in that war, it would take fifty years to destroy her first armies, and in that period two further Chinese forces of fifty million each would grow up to confront their enemy.

The third factor is Russia, which, if we conceive future development as a crescendo of competing ambitions, we might think of as being organized and controlled by a new Prussia to realize in the Far East the ambitions now lost by Germany in Africa and the Near East. Russia abutting on the North Pacific is, and inevitably always will be, one of the dominating factors in the Pacific situation.

Opposite to these stand, fourthly and fifthly, America and Britain, which cannot conceivably hold back from immediate active interest in the developments of the nationalities around the Pacific.

The thing that presses on the brain

of America and must increasingly press also on the brain of Britain is the fact that the bowl of Asia is full of humanity, and spilling over the brim in all directions. Not only is India spilling over into Mesopotamia, South Africa, Madagascar, Fiji, and all the Malay Peninsula, but the Chinese and Japanese are all the time pressing against the barriers that would keep them out of the United States, Canada, and Australia.

The problem which presents itself to the American mind — and it will have to present itself to the British — is, how far can the flood of emigration of the Asiatic come into our territories without submerging the type of civilization for which we stand?

Here we are on horns of a most desperate dilemma. The Asiatic fought with us through the war, and died for us on all the fronts. A million Indians enlisted freely, without conscription, during the period of the war, and fought and died in France and Flanders, in Saloniki and on Gallipoli, in Mesopotamia, on the hills of Palestine, and in every quarter of Africa.

Scores of thousands of Chinese came across the world. They hewed wood, drew water, broke stones, drained marshes, laid roads, and built railways, for the Allied forces on the Western front. Japan with her navy, and in some small degree with her land forces, took part from the beginning in the great contest.

‘You can use us when you want us to lay down our lives to defend you,’ say the Asiatics. ‘We can enter your territories then. You even draw us in, as in South Africa, when you want cheap labor. But you try to exclude us from free life in your territory, in your cities, and on your farms. We cannot be content to be your tool forever. “Self-determination” is our motto as it was yours. The valve cannot be

allowed to work only one way. You penetrate our shore; why should we not penetrate yours? If you exclude us from yours, we will exclude you from ours. You say Australia for the Australian, and Canada for the Canadian. Then we say Asia for the Asiatic. You say yours is the higher civilization; has that been demonstrated?’

Here we have expressing itself in vast ambitions a great development of a racial consciousness, which is of more moment for the future world history than any other fact in the world to-day. The tremendous challenge which the dilemma presents, lies in the fact that while on the one hand we cannot permanently resist the will of five hundred to six hundred millions of people, yet, on the other hand, there is a real peril, if we surrendered to their desire for unrestricted immigration into our lands, that our civilization, which after all has some very precious things in it, would be submerged and lost under Asiatic civilization. To accept is impossible; to resist is world suicide. Such is the dilemma. What is the solution, if there be a solution?

One last fact is vitally important for us, if we are to hold in the mind, even in the barest outline, the great dominant factors of this crescendo of competing ambitions. It is the strategic fact of Korea. To control Korea is essential for any nation determined to control the policies of the Pacific.

Korea — as a glance at the map will reveal — is the Belgium of the Far East. Korea lies there, right in the path of the storming ambitions of the Pacific. She lies — with Japan — a stupendous breakwater where the racing tides of international and inter-racial rivalry converge. The wars of Japan, first with China and then with Russia, were essentially wars for the control of Korea.

If Russia, with, say, Prussia in the

saddle, desires dominance, she finds that the ports of Korea command her goings out and comings in. From Korean ports a navy can dominate the policies of Peking and so the destinies of China. The track of interchange and intercourse between America and China lies *via* the channel between Japan and Korea. It is a question whether the autonomy of Korea protected by the mandatory of a League of Nations is not even more essential to the world's peace than such an autonomy for Belgium.

Korea is not only the Belgium of the Far East; she is also the Ireland of Japan. Korea has her 'Sinn Fein' movement; she has her ambitions for independence. Recently Korean delegates were on the Ural Mountains in conference with Bolshevik propagandists. And the story of Japanese rule in Korea, like our British rule in Ireland, is a record in which motives and policies of mingled protection and tyranny take a bewildering tortuous course.

The resultant interplay of all these forces is changing the course of international policy of all the countries concerned. Especially are we—at this particular moment—witnessing an obscure but extraordinarily significant change in the policy of Japan.

Throughout the peace settlement Japan stood ever against China in the dispute over the Shantung problem. But the failure on the part of the European allies and America to recognize the equality of Asiatics with the white races threw up into stark relief against the sky the tremendous racial issue. The quarrel as between China and Japan tended to be submerged in the more radical issue as between East and West, though the Shantung quarrel is still exercising a great influence in developing racial self-consciousness and unity in the Chinese people. Japan, it

would appear, however, may play a greater part as the spearhead of Asia than in any more sectional and smaller rôle.

The issue is quickened, and at the same time complicated, by the fact that the fear of Bolshevism is far more immediate in Japan to-day than in Britain or America. She has drawn millions of men and women in from the normal life of Japan to the factories that have sprung up like mushrooms to supply the needs of the world. In 1914 Great Britain alone consumed twenty million dollars' worth of Japanese manufactured products; in 1918 we imported six times as much—one hundred and twenty million dollars' worth from the factories of Japan.

This vast and increasing industrial proletariat in Japan is a momentous portent. Its leaders are reading two books voraciously—Karl Marx's *Das Kapital* and G. D. H. Cole's *The Self-Control of Labor*. A new word has been invented in the Japanese language: it is translated 'Democracy.' It is a composite word, and the literal meaning of its component words is 'everything for the people.' Similar developments both in industry and in democratic thought are afoot in China—that most populous republic in the whole world.

In both countries we discover two sets of leaders—the militarist bureaucratic despotic type, who want to see a militarized Asia dominating the world; and the humaner progressive democratic type, who stand, as to foreign policy, for an international idea of comity and coöperation—and who in home policy are out for a progressive, democratic, educational development of the proletariats of Asia.

I suggest that on the question 'Which of those types of leadership in Asia will triumph?' swings the whole issue of human life in the world. To

sharpen the issue down to a personal and poignant point: the triumph of the one or the other will certainly determine whether the children playing at this hour in the homes of the readers of this article will die horrible deaths on the plains of China or the hills of Korea, from ghastlier gas and more loathsome tortures than even this last war produced, or, on the other hand, shall grow up to the secure joy of a complete life.

Literally, if the militarists of Asia triumph, we are on the eve of world-suicide. Certainly Europe and all that we have laboriously built up in the centuries since Rome fell will go down in ruin. Probably America will be submerged too by the terrific floods of Asia, before which all landmarks will be swept away and submerged.

What are the bases for such a view?

They are based on the fact that militarist ambition in the Far East will

inevitably breed war. But we have already seen that not only the six hundred millions of China and Japan, but all Russia and maybe Germany, the British Empire and America, all the English-speaking peoples of the world, and India and Africa—will be involved in any war in the Pacific.

What a hideous travesty and mockery of human hopes it would be if we had only cast the devils of militarism out of Central Europe to find them rushing the maddened millions of Asia down the Gadarene steeps of inter-racial war into the sea of barbarism!

I do not think this view is too bad to be true. But equally I do not think that the alternative view is too splendid to be realized.

The alternative view is that, with the triumph of the democratic leaders of Asia, we should be on the eve of a world-order of international and inter-racial coöperation full of unmeasured and unmeasurable good.

[*Deutsche Politik* (National Liberal Weekly), February 20]

IS BOLSHEVISM POSSIBLE IN CHINA?

BY PROFESSOR WILHELM SCHÜLER

A 'UNION for Freeing the East' has been founded, with its headquarters at Tashkent. At that city there is a school where instruction is given in all the Asiatic tongues to prospective emissaries of Bolshevik propaganda. India is the immediate and chief point of attack. But evidence is accumulating that this propaganda is also pushing successfully eastward. That fact makes pertinent the question which we often hear asked to-day, whether

Bolshevism can gain a foothold in China.

At first blush, we might ridicule the suggestion. It might seem certain that the Chinese peasantry, which forms nearly nine tenths of the population, will be immune to Bolshevik theories. The Chinese peasant is not oppressed, although he may, like the other working people of his overpopulated country, live on the verge of poverty. He does not suffer a heavy

burden from his government, since his taxes are very small. Even in Central and Southern China, where perhaps half the peasants are tenants, they pay but a moderate rent in kind, and have few grievances against their landlords. China is not a land of large estates, a hereditary nobility, or an aristocratic caste. The peasants are guaranteed against rack rents, or being turned adrift by the landowners. In China, as a whole, the contrasts between the rich and the poor are not of the same kind as in the West; and above all, little class hatred exists. Men accept the status in which they find themselves, as something inevitable and to be endured with patience. More than this, all classes are influenced by clan sentiment, which is the unifying principle in the social order. That sentiment prevents the wealthy from oppressing the poorest members of their clan, and insures the latter against utter privation and misery. Of course, we meet abundant distress and poverty in China, and these are equally distributed throughout both country and city.

However, the modern era is making a breach in this harmonious and traditional social structure. The factory system of the West has been introduced. During the war China began to become industrialized. Measured by our standards, these beginnings are still modest, and they are limited mainly to the old treaty ports. When the Minister of Agriculture and Commerce mentioned last year, in an official publication, 25,000 factories, his statement was misleading. These were small establishments with an average of twenty employees. Only about 700 are manufacturing enterprises comparable with our own. Even in these, there was little conscious conflict of interest between wage earners and employers. Each working man still thinks of him-

self as primarily a member of his village clan. That feeling is stronger than his consciousness of common interest with his fellow employees. However, there is no doubt but what even here a change is now occurring, and that foreign propaganda is making itself felt. Reports from China during the last few months mention a succession of strikes and labor disturbances. Karl Marx's writings have been translated into Chinese, and Socialist literature is being widely circulated. Labor conditions favor this agitation. In the textile mills particularly, the workers are exploited inhumanly. Children ten years old are herded for long hours in poorly ventilated, unwholesome factories. Female employees, who are a majority, work twelve hours a day or longer, with a short rest at noon, for a mere subsistence wage. Very little is known of what new ideas were possibly carried back to their country by the 200,000 or more Chinese workmen who have just been repatriated from France and Belgium, where they were employed during the war. However, it is evident beyond question that propaganda, both personal and written, have made our Western individualist labor philosophy current in China, and that since the overthrow of the monarchy this has begun to undermine the inherited ideas of the people.

We have no means of knowing whether this incipient labor movement has a direct connection with Bolshevism. We do know, however, that those doctrines have gained a strong footing in Manchuria, where there are several large industrial establishments. The workmen of that country are already in direct communication with the Bolshevik headquarters in Russia. The Tsar's Government imported a great number of Chinese coolies from Manchuria during

the war, to build the Murman Railway. These men were cruelly treated. When the Bolsheviks gained power they showed many favors to these Chinese, and partly by persuasion, and partly by compulsion, formed from them a sort of bodyguard for the new government. This organization still survives. The Chinese are also being trained as propagandists for their own country. We recently heard of the following incident: A Bolshevik officer of Hungarian birth captured ten Chinese on the border of the Ukraine, who were trying to get through the Caucasus and Persia to their native country. He thought they were deserters and ordered them shot. Afterwards it was discovered that they were carefully trained propagandists, and the officer himself was condemned to death.

We do not know the exact arguments and doctrines which the Bolsheviks employ with the Chinese. But the general programme of the Union for Freeing the East is well known. It is a skillfully devised appeal to ideas and sentiments already held by the Asiatic races. Its main planks are national self-determination, political independence, and liberty. In other words, the Union for Freeing the East, endeavors first of all to unite and consolidate the hostility already existing to European aggression.

Bolshevism's fight against capitalism, according to the platform of this Union, is primarily directed to destroying Imperialism, to freeing the oppressed nations from the yoke of foreign capitalism, to annulling by main force the concessions and privileges granted to foreigners, to restoring all natural wealth above ground and below ground to the natives of the country, to repudiating all public debts for money borrowed from European bankers.

It is unnecessary to point out with what willing ears such a programme is

received in China. How shrewdly calculated that programme is to appeal to a sentiment already in existence, where the people are conscious of their present powerlessness and their hopeless financial situation, and hold the capitalist avarice of other countries responsible for these evils! Above all, China's betrayal by the Entente in the Versailles Treaty has strengthened and broadened this latent hatred. Hostility is for the moment directed mainly against Japan, and for many months the manufactures of that country have been boycotted. The Bolshevik programme is taking clever advantage of this sentiment, and expressly condemns not only European and American Imperialism, but also Japanese Imperialism.

The second part of the programme lays down as its guiding thought the absolute authority of the people. Only the laboring, productive classes — principally peasants, laborers, and artisans — are entitled to organize a national government, or 'A republic of the producers.' The ultimate aim is to unite all Asia into a federal union of such 'republics.' This part of the Bolshevik programme likewise gives evidence of an intimate knowledge of Chinese sentiment. That nation is already extremely democratic, both in theory and practice. Even the Imperial Government, although hypothetically an unlimited monarchy, was never conceived by its subjects otherwise than as an institution for bestowing on the people the maximum favor of heaven. The people's interest has always been regarded as supreme, and in removing unworthy rulers, the people were conceived to be but carrying out the divine will.

We should bear in mind, moreover, that the programme of this Union does not refer to Communism, or to an equal distribution of wealth. It pro-

poses that the peculiar institutions and conditions of each nation shall receive consideration, and urges that the healthy development of economic life demands free competition and the survival of the fittest economical, technical, and social agencies. Upon this theory is based the argument that Asia must maintain close economic relations with the Socialist governments of the West—that is, Soviet Russia. The only point insisted on is that private capitalists and monopolies shall not be allowed to exploit the people. It is obvious that this part of the programme can be easily interpreted in a way to appeal powerfully to the Chinese.

We should not overlook, furthermore, that shrewd advantage is taken of the general discontent due to the protracted civil war and the accompanying insecurity and military oppression. The Chinese people are coming to believe that the military interests of the army officers who now govern the provinces, and who are unquestionably the real masters of China to-day, are likely to postpone civil peace indefinitely.

On the other hand, the greatest danger that now threatens the established order in China, may come from the very mercenaries these officers command. Bolshevik agitators, the emissaries of Lenin's bodyguard, will not have to use many arguments with these ruffians. They will merely have

to tell them that when the Bolshevik millennium arrives they will not need to wait for weeks to get their pay, as they now do, but will have the wealth of the country at their own disposal. Chinese soldiers easily degenerate into bandits. They have broken loose from their clan restraint, and are receptive toward any form of attractive radicalism. Realizing as we do now, from our experiences at home, how easily a small minority may get possession of power, and compel the masses to obey its will, we are prepared to appreciate better how in a period of economic oppression and general discontent such as China is now experiencing, its people may take a similar road. It is true that the Chinese lack initiative, are extraordinarily patient of hardship and oppression, and regard the world from a conservative standpoint. But the history of the country shows that when a leader has once succeeded in setting this great, inert mass in motion, it plunges forward with the irresistible momentum of an avalanche.

I by no means presume to prophesy what success Bolshevik propaganda will have in China. That would require a direct and intimate knowledge of recent sentiment and symptoms there. But it is worth while to weigh the favorable and unfavorable factors, and to observe how radically different are the features of Bolshevism in the East from its traditional characteristics in the country of its origin.

GERMAN STUDENTS TO-DAY

STUDENTS have formed a separate caste in Germany since the Middle Ages, when itinerant scholars wandered from university to university throughout Western Europe. I propose to show how this caste has been affected by the radical transformations of the present era.

It is hardly necessary to describe German student life before the war. Enhaloed by a nimbus of bibulous jollity and romance, its glory chanted in merry bacchanals, it survived down into the twentieth century as a remnant of an earlier age. Something of its mediæval atmosphere still persisted, although the spirit of a new era was knocking loudly at the doors of the universities. Co-education, and the growing power and influence of the so-called 'free' students, were already breaking up the old unity of the academic body, and inspiring it with new ideals. A growing interest in social problems, and the spread of total abstinence, had struck at the roots of the old convivial traditions.

The outbreak of the war bridged over for the time being the divisions thus resulting in the student body, and restored complete unity. The regiments of student volunteers which charged gayly to death in the autumn of 1914, and watered the plains of Flanders with their blood, were composed of free students and corps students standing shoulder to shoulder and fighting with equal devotion and courage. It was a common conviction among university men at the front, that as soon as the war was over academic customs and institutions would be thoroughly reformed. But in

this instance, as in the case of so many other anticipated blessings from the war, the longer peace was postponed the less optimistic were the voices of the prophets. Was this due to the old military and political masters, who would tolerate nothing that ran counter to the ancient customs hallowed by their own youthful memories? Or was the change due to the furloughed men, who were granted a respite from service to return for a short period to their academic pursuits, and who could conceive of nothing more beautiful and inspiring to go back to unchanged when peace finally should arrive? However that may be, the reform movement was speedily confined again to the circles which were its home before the war began.

The unhappy outcome of the war, and the revolution that followed on its heels, seemed for a moment favorable for the innovators. I shall never forget how zealously the men of our academic world devoted themselves to the task of educational reconstruction, during the days immediately after our fearful collapse. They were going to erect an institution for the whole people. I recall how a white-haired professor of philosophy, interrupted his lectures with youthful enthusiasm in the middle of the semester to devote himself for several weeks to delivering speeches upon the task immediately before us. I recall how the students subordinated their own personal differences, in order to give united assistance to the people in the chaos of revolution, and hastily organized for public service. I recall the tremendous interest aroused in

public affairs and the reconstruction of the government, and the marked contrast this presented with the old times, when every breath of politics was so solicitously excluded from the universities. A vigorous, new enthusiasm seized upon the students. Everywhere we were conscious of the reappearance of the spirit of Fichte, who a century before in a similar crisis pointed the way of salvation to his people.

A change occurred, however, about Christmas time and during the spring vacation, when the bulk of the students in the army were demobilized and university attendance suddenly mounted in an unprecedented way. Enrollment was nearly double what it ever had been before the war. Men who had spent several years in open-air life, under the abnormal conditions of field service, do not easily adjust themselves to the quiet, sedentary labors of the study; but they were tremendously interested in their work. There was no lack of zeal. Thereupon, the old student life, which had been practically in abeyance while hostilities continued, began to reappear. The streets were again enlivened with parti-colored caps and ribbons. The *Kneipes* and dueling halls were well patronized. Again there was a lively interchange of challenges and acceptances; and when, toward the end of the summer semester, the student societies held their anniversary meetings,—just at the time when Paris and London went wild with carnivals of victory,—our university towns blossomed out in a gay cloud of banners, the old students and their wives came back and there was no end of reunions, dances, and celebrations. Although the typical ‘beer student’ had disappeared, and beer was weak and wine was dear, there was no lack of nightly, riotous revels, and the early riser would often

stumble over a ‘beer corpse’ in his path just as in the good old times.

No change worth mentioning had occurred in our teaching staffs. During the height of the revolution radicals had agitated in vain for the ‘purification’ of the faculties. Workers’ and soldiers’ councils, although they showed an unmistakable desire to do something, never really interfered with the universities. To be sure the new government is more friendly than was the old government, at least in theory, to the reform of higher education, which has been in the air so long. Our disastrous financial situation, however, has hampered every effort to liberalize and popularize university instruction; and instead of opening the doors of opportunity to the poor, the cost of tuition has necessarily been increased. Real improvement has occurred in the system of student representation. Student governing and advisory councils are elected under a system of proportional representation in which the corps students, the so-called ‘free’ students, the reformers, and the women students all have a voice. This arrangement works out to the advantage of the student corps, who rally all their votes for particular candidates, while the unorganized students are so apathetic that they fail to secure a due proportion of representatives. Since the revolution, however, we have a new group of ‘specialists’ unions’ (*Fachschaften*) organized on the model of trade unions, where students pursuing the same course meet to discuss and decide upon matters relating to that course. So we have a theologians’ union, a philologists’ union, a clinical union, a preparatory clinical union, and the like. These societies also arrange for lectures and provide an agency for buying and selling books. On the other hand, a more general reform originating among

the students, for a 'free university union,' intended to replace the present lecture courses by an exclusive seminar system, in which the students would coöperate with the docents or instructors, has not been generally adopted, although it has been tried out experimentally at some small institutions.

But the most striking characteristic of our present students is their political attitude. For centuries they have been peculiarly the champions of liberty; to-day at least three fourths of them are more or less reactionary. It is the proper thing to abuse the government, the revolution, democracy, and the Jews. Only the conservative parties are credited with patriotism. Even to be a Democrat is no longer respectable. Contempt for the government is displayed openly. A former hotel keeper president of the country! A former teacher Minister of Finance! These men neither high officers nor noblemen — not even holders of academic degrees! The students seem to rate it a disgrace for a person of humble origin to have worked up to the top, and to assume that men of the old régime, who held their honors by virtue of caste, were by reason of that fact alone qualified and competent. All the misery of the present, the depreciation of money, the frightful rise in prices, heavy taxation, public insecurity, the decline of morals, are attributed off-hand to the present government and the revolution. The revolution is accounted responsible for the constant increase of our economic distress from November, 1918, to November, 1919. The revolution itself is ascribed to Social-Democratic agitation and to Jewish plots. Even the fiction that the army was 'stabbed in the back' is sincerely accepted. Ludendorff, Tiritz, and Helfferich are honored as heroes.

This narrow and distorted view of

history is accompanied by an abnormally sensitive national pride. The mere word 'international,' used even in the most innocent connection, is a red cloth to the supersensitive student imagination. When the American Quakers, who are opposed to war on principle and came here inspired by the noblest motives, began on a grand scale and with liberal funds their labors for the relief of starving Germany, a committee of students actually caused the assistance tendered the needier members of their own body to be rejected, on the ground that to accept it would be 'incompatible with national honor.'

At first the students returning from the army were quite indignant at finding women students competing with them in the university courses. Many of these men resented as an injustice the fact that they had been prevented for four years from pursuing their studies. However, this feeling has gradually disappeared. Their resentment has found another and more popular subject upon which to employ itself. The anti-Semitism, which is playing such an evil rôle in Germany to-day, is not the spontaneous product of natural sentiment, like the hostility which prevailed for a time toward women students, but an artificial agitation. As recently as the spring of 1919 it was hardly in evidence. Then the campaign against the Jews started in Berlin, and speedily spread from that centre over all Germany. It was propagated mainly by the 'German People's Defensive and Offensive Union,' which is backed by supporters who supply money generously for this agitation and are not embarrassed by moral scruples in selecting their instruments and methods. According to circumstances this organization adopts a patriotic, scientific, or religious guise. It appeals to the lowest sentiments of

the mob in its popular propaganda, while lauding the moral superiority of the Aryan race in its arguments to the élite.

The charges against the Jews are in certain instances justified. What is unjust and hateful is the generalization that the Jew is morally inferior merely because he is a Jew, and the claim that profiteering and sharp practices are not a common evil among the rest of the people. It is already seriously proposed that all Jews, not only recent immigrants from the countries east of us, but the old established residents of Germany, shall be treated as foreigners and excluded on that ground from the universities. Some of the 'specialists' unions' which we have mentioned exclude Jews without distinction, and not long ago the student body of Darmstadt University protested against the appointment of a Jew instructor.

The attitude adopted by the students toward the Kapp revolt showed how general reactionary sentiment is among them, and justified the charge repeatedly made by reformers that the universities are nurseries of Junkerism. The early reports of the counter-revolutionist successes were received with undisguised rejoicing. Students were the most zealous supporters and distributors of the proclamations of the new government. Many of the 'short-time volunteers' in the National Guard were students, and their sympathies were so strongly in favor of the insurgents that they proved unreliable, and in several instances disloyal, and had to be disarmed. Ludendorff was well advised in urging Kapp to issue weapons to reactionary pupils and students. It was an open secret that professors exhorted their classes to fight, that student clubhouses were fortified and armed with machine guns, and that the student corps were in secret correspondence with the mili-

tary usurpers. Even after the star of Kapp and his accomplices began to pale, the students refused to desert him and stood by him with a persistence worthy of a better cause. They discredited newspaper reports as fiction, and maintained that the situation was the opposite of what it really was. Facts that were obvious to every clear-seeing man — that this military insurrection could not, like the revolution of 1918, succeed without fighting; that it would encounter bitter opposition from the laboring classes; and that unless it were speedily suppressed it would cause a civil war which would utterly ruin Germany — such facts did not trouble these young gentlemen in the least. Later, when a real and tremendous danger threatened from the Left, they tried to hold the old government responsible for it, because it did not compromise with Kapp!

Side by side with this political blindness, the students show a fearful lack of responsibility. We all know how students have always promoted class hatred in Germany. A man who has devoted his whole life to labor among the working people of Berlin tells me that the person the average workingman hates most is not the lieutenant but the student. Even now, however, when common prudence at least should prevent university men from challenging the hostility of the working classes, whose self-confidence and self-esteem have naturally been strengthened greatly by the revolution, these young gentlemen seem utterly incapable of comprehending the irritation caused by their disorderly street excursions — to say nothing of the popular reprobation bestowed upon their convivial meetings, and nightly challenges and duels. Even the disapproval which bourgeois circles show to such conduct is resented by them with indignation as unwar-

ranted interference with student rights.

Thus our university men are living in a fictitious past, instead of in the present. They cherish old sentiments and ideals which do not pass current in the present age. This has an obvious historical explanation. The days when reactionary governments had reason to fear a free and progressive student body lie far behind us. Long before the war the students formed a separate caste, bound by many ties to the governing classes and the military. This made them conservative. Politics were banished from the universities. Socialist instructors were not permitted to teach; Socialist students were regarded askance and often persecuted. Now, added to all this is the fact that most German students fought in the war and eventually became officers. They have brought back from the colors the military conception of personal honor and the peculiar mental slant of the army man. Students who remained in the ranks are more rational and matter-of-fact in their judgment of militarism. The great majority who were officers felt keenly the collapse of the army and of the nation behind it, and the disintegration of the military system. During the revolution they were in many instances exposed to insult and mistreatment by the mob. They feel that they have sacrificed more than four years of their strength and health for nothing. Their professional prospects have darkened, so that they see little hope in the future. They discover that the revolution has suddenly bereft them of their privileges as a favored social class. Another rival class, which hitherto they have regarded with contempt, now stands above them. No one cares about them. The sweep of history has passed them by. They stick in their own places, learning nothing from the course of events. Their old prejudices and their

lack of political training make mental readjustment difficult. The men whose task it should have been to open a path for them into the new era — I mean their instructors and professors — are for the most part imprisoned in the same narrow prejudices as their students, and merely confirm the latter in their dissentient attitude.

However, these sentiments and opinions are not held by every student. A quite different spirit inspires many of those who do not belong to the student corps, especially the so-called 'Free Germans.' The latter likewise fought in the war and for the most part as volunteers; but they have learned something from their experience. Partly they carried different ideals into the war with them, partly their army experience has changed their attitude. One meets the greatest variety of opinion among these people. They range from fervent German patriots to internationalists and fanatical pacifists. Some are Democrats, some Social-Democrats, and others refuse to be tied to any party. Even in the 'German Christian Students' Union' the new ferment is working. A pacifist-communist movement has appeared there, in marked contrast with the old orthodox social opinions of that body. Naturally this liberal wing of the student body includes many hare-brained enthusiasts and impractical idealists. But it also counts among its members clear thinkers and resolute doers. As a whole they are high-grade men, who are distinguished from the reactionary students of the old school by two qualities of very great importance under present conditions. First, they accept the new order. They never were closely allied with the old régime, and can devote themselves to the new one with courage and idealism. They have the further advantage of being the only ones able to bridge over the

deep gulf between university men and the common people. Their practice of moving about from one institution to another has prevented students of this class from losing contact with the workingmen and the peasants. They have learned how to live happily and contentedly with slender means. When labor unrest became acute as a result of the military insurrection in Berlin, so that the students had to be summoned again to volunteer for military service, the 'Free Germans' responded in great numbers, but they manifested none of the noisy jubilation with which the corps students went forth to civil war. They did not conceive of themselves as marching out against a national enemy. They were deeply impressed with the fearful seriousness of the situation. A couple of my acquaintances among them asked me to visit them at their barracks one evening. They were celebrating their success at a recent 'snap' examination, with cakes and horrible army coffee. Then they brought out a fiddle and a mandolin, and we sat in front of the open fire and watched the flames to the accompaniment of their music. We began with soldier songs and then sang folk songs. It was a strange picture on the eve of a civil war, but it was not an unpleasant one.

This shows how little real unity there is after all in the German student attitude toward political and social questions. It is not fair to speak of students as a unit. The same profound differences which exist among the people at large repeat themselves at the universities, although the older mental type is more strongly represented in these institutions than outside their walls. At a time when political controversies rage so bitterly, it is not easy to prevent conflicts among the students or between them and instructors with whom they do not agree. We some-

times hear radical students criticizing the political utterances of conservative professors. On the other hand the Nikolai case shows how the Nationalist students of Berlin were able to make it impossible for a pacifist instructor to continue his courses.

So all in all the university situation is a confusing one. At times we might almost despair of Germany's future, when we witness the conduct and attitude of those who are preparing to be its intellectual leaders. Still we may hope that they too will be blessed with clearer vision, in the day when the enmity which still divides nations at length subsides, when the present student body, which still recalls the glories of the old days before the war, is displaced by the next generation, and when the last traces of war hysteria have disappeared even from the preparatory schools. For in those institutions also teachers show the same political prejudices and limitations as the university professors, and continue to exercise an evil influence over their pupils.

Another cause for hope — strange and barbarous as it may appear — is economic pressure. Even to-day a monthly allowance of three hundred marks will not support a student on the meagerest scale. In addition tuition fees have been raised, the price of books has doubled and trebled, and laboratory and clinical charges have increased at an equal rate. At the same time the prospects of a good position after graduation are worse than formerly. We have a supply of higher teachers already which will suffice for twelve or fifteen years. These considerations and the fact that the academic caste has lost much of its former prestige, will cause a general drift into better paying pursuits. Our newly-rich are not likely to attach much importance to a college educa-

tion for their boys. The men who will devote themselves to university pursuits hereafter will be a selected class inspired by genuine interest in study. Economic pressure has already made a considerable change in student ways. Men who formerly prided themselves on wearing clothes of the latest cut now content themselves with their military uniforms. Leggings and puttees are as common as mountain shoes and riding boots. Soft collars and knit gloves are also permissible student wear. These may seem trifling matters, but they have their importance in undermining old traditions. Such economies will become increasingly necessary, and the old student romanticism will vanish with its externals. A day approaches when a university course will mean only labor and privation, without prestige and a generous income for their reward, when studies will be pursued solely for their own sake at personal sacrifice, when every book will be a costly treasure. This is going to strip student life of many harmful incumbrances. We can recall from the period before the war a type of Russian student who obtained his education only by surmounting untold difficulties, and won his degree at the cost of hardship and privation. It was a type of student whose idealism and modest claims upon life were pathetic. Some of our newspapers at that time held up these men as an example for German students. These exhortations are now likely to be heard. Instances are already occurring in Berlin where students are paying their way by working as waiters. Others spend their vacations working on farms. What German student before the war — in contrast with his American and Russian colleagues — would ever have demeaned himself by vocations so compromising to his student honor! Undoubtedly such double duties interfere

with a student's progress, but it is not my present object to discuss what is best for science in the abstract — that is another thing. Our students of today are passing through a hard but wholesome discipline. They must lay aside old prejudices for good and all, and accommodate themselves to a coming era. Until they have accomplished this, the new tendencies now incubating cannot develop freely, and expand into a great intellectual revival within our academic bodies.

[*Times* (Northcliffe Press), April 11]

AN INTERVIEW WITH MAX HARDEN

BY H. ROBERTSON MURRAY

DURING the brief interval between the overthrow of the Kapp-Lüttwitz régime and the beginning of the struggle between the German workmen and the restored government I called on Germany's most famous and fearless publicist, Herr Maximilian Harden, at his home in Grünewald, in the west of Berlin.

Herr Harden began by asking me what had particularly impressed me in my experience of recent events. I told him that to me the German people seemed to have no idea of the meaning of liberty.

He almost jumped from his chair to agree with me. 'You are right,' he cried. 'German intelligence has never grasped the meaning of the word. It is the explanation of all that is happening here, and of all the evil which is about to happen. His inability to understand it shapes fundamentally the German character.'

'In England liberty is a tradition. It expresses itself in the "live and let live" character of the people. England's first blows for liberty were struck when Germany was still a land of

savages ruled by wolves. We were incapable of profiting by England's example. Could we but have dealt with the Hohenzollerns as England did with the Stuarts we should never have come to this pass.

'We are still fumbling to touch the fringe of liberty. We make blundering attempts, each with the declared intention of establishing liberty. You yourself have been witness to the latest, and will have seen that its real aim was to secure power to tyrannize over the rest of Germany. The attempt has been foiled, but the end is not yet. The consequences will be disastrous.

'Liberty, as I say, is misinterpreted here in Germany as a mere license for tyranny. It is not surprising. This misconception is fundamental in the character of the people, and you cannot change in one moment the whole character of a people which has been educated as the Germans have been.

'It is an illustration of our situation that the Kapp attempt, which was only a minor affair, should have led to such a dire result as an eleven-day strike and the revolt in the Ruhr districts. On a suffering people has been inflicted all the serious additional injuries which these disasters have entailed. It could only happen in a state in which conditions are in a chronic state of unrest.

'You ask if the majority of opinion in Germany favors a Republican democratic form of government? I say yes, emphatically. But I would also state that Germany has never been, and is not now, governed by the opinion of the majority. Our party leaders do not hold the same opinions as the majority of their supporters; nor truly represent them. The bulk of the German people are now honestly desirous of being Republican, but the government is not Republican.

'It calls itself Republican. But what is the use of placarding a building with the legend "Republic" when the men inhabiting the house have never been able to divest themselves of their old reactionary views?

'In the government are many men who served the old régime, and have never really assimilated Republican ideas, however much they may deem a republic the best form of government for Germany. The majority of our executive officials, too, were servants of the old Monarchist régime. One does not always change one's political views with one's political masters, especially when working under the new régime is found to be not nearly so profitable or so pleasant as under the old.

'Thus whenever the independent reactionaries make a move to recover power we find, at first, such apparent weakness in official circles. There is always a foothold or two for the reactionary trouble-maker there. For this reason it is to be hoped that the recent disturbers of the peace will be rigorously punished.

'The organizers of the Kapp revolt showed how well they knew the character of the German people. The whole plot was cleverly organized. There is no doubt that Ludendorff was the chief director of it. The manner of its operation proves that.

'Its initial success was wonderful — apparent complete victory without bloodshed or even perceptible opposition. The effect of such a triumphant overturn had been carefully considered; let there be no mistake about that. The organizers knew well how to excite the admiration which Germans have been taught to display for any demonstration of effective might. But after the brilliant beginning the men entrusted with the furthering of the scheme were in-

efficient, and the whole affair ended in fiasco.

'Do not forget, as the public seems to have forgotten already, that there was no little rejoicing during that brief period of Kapp's government. You yourself heard the singing of *Deutschland Uber Alles* and *Die Wacht am Rhein*. That was in accord with the German character. The *Siegeskranz* is irresistible to them, and whenever a man appears before them wearing that crown, or any semblance of it, accompanied by military bands, he will be welcomed without question as to his intentions.

'Upon reflection, I will say that I do not think that in this respect the Germans differ very much from some other peoples. The display of force has always made a strong appeal to popular imagination all over the world.

'You are surprised, you say, that intellectual Germans should not from the first have opposed Kapp. But three fourths of our intellectuals, please remember, are reactionary. The remaining fourth is Semitic, independent, or communist in sympathies.

'Do not think either that with the failure of their scheme the reactionaries feel any sense of shame at having inflicted this calamity on the people. Liberty is interpreted by the German as the restoration or establishment of that state of affairs which appeals to his individual desire; and he considers it his duty to strive to effect that aim, conceiving that that which pleases him must be the best for other people, whether these like it or not.

'There are indications, however, that among certain sections of the people there is a growing tendency toward the Left. But you need have no fear of Bolshevism. The German character is not like the Russian, which

plunges from one extreme to the other.

'The extremism apparent in Germany to-day is a kind of mental sickness. After the years of suffering during the war, the frightful disillusionment of the people, one must expect fever attacks.

'The average German is too reasonable to hope to find salvation by that path. He must be taught, and so must all the world, that for the future we must strive to promote international understanding.

'There must no longer be entertained the idea that benefit to a people is to be attained by the increase of power, military or economical, of the individual state. No longer can one state seek to erect a safeguard for itself by securing a preponderance of might. The prosperity of each state will become more and more dependent on the prosperity of all other states. We must all work together for mutual benefit—England, America, Germany, France, etc.

'Long before the war I pointed out the advantages of the international idea. It was said to be idealistic, Utopian. Yes; but all ideas at first are idealistic and Utopian until the good in them is brought out in practice. What, for instance, could have been more revolutionary than the Christian idea? Who at the time of its inception would have dreamed that one of its results would be the establishment of the Papacy?

'The idea that all should work for the common good needs implanting here in Germany. We want men of creative faculties to lead us. Men, to my mind, are to be divided into two categories—creators and incapables. Unfortunately for us, the incapables have the upper hand here.

[*La Tribuna* (Liberal Daily), April 4]

WILSON AND ITALY

BY ALFONSO ARBIB-COSTA

I SHALL not presume to explain clearly and completely the reasons for President Wilson's opposition to Italy's claims. All that I shall attempt is to throw a little light on this intricate question, to place before the eyes of my readers certain facts and observations, leaving it to them to draw their own conclusions and to make their own comments. The story is a long and a sad one, and there are several parties to it, of whom some are no longer in this world, and others permanently removed from public life.

I say that I will leave it to the reader to draw his own conclusions and make his own comments, but I likewise shall have to make certain observations of my own, and I shall do this in the most moderate and dispassionate manner possible.

There must be in Italy many reasonable men who do not endorse the common impression that private interests or personal antipathies explain President Wilson's persistent hostility to Italy's claims. It is true that within the last few days the President has exhibited irritation with France also, but beyond doubt, from the very first, even before he formulated his famous Fourteen Points, he showed himself definitely opposed to Italian aspirations. This was so obvious that the enthusiastic reception given him in Italy, when he visited that country, utterly bewildered many persons, who required no special keenness of perception to divine his true attitude.

Let us take up in order the influences which determined Wilson's point of view upon this question.

A few months after America entered the war, President Wilson confidentially commissioned his friend and adviser, Colonel House, to gather information of every kind regarding the nations of Europe, to be used when the war was over and peace negotiations began. Professor Edward Mezes, a brother-in-law of Colonel House, was put in charge of this work of political, ethnographic, and economic research. He started his investigations 'secretly,' establishing his headquarters quietly in the home of the American Geographic Society. When it came to the point of drawing an ethnographic map of the Balkan Peninsula and the adjacent territories, and gathering data regarding this complex and peculiar region, a Serb geographer named Cvic was selected to direct the research committee. This geographer presented his report in the autumn of 1917, and accompanied it with an ethnographic map which he himself drew, and which I saw at the time. It is not necessary for me to say that the green portions of this map, which indicated regions inhabited by Slavs, not only covered all Dalmatia and Istria, with a few isolated dots of rose color indicating Italian settlements, but it penetrated beyond the old frontier of the Italian Kingdom. I personally read Mr. Cvic's report in the autumn of 1917. It was published with the accompanying map in a

Bulletin of the American Geographic Society of March or April, 1918.

At the same time, the Commission had some Italian works, suggested by Mr. Cvic, translated into English. They represented a very small school of Italian geographers, who made the maximum concessions to the Slavs. No account was given to the claims of a Moderate Italian party, and no effort was made to draw an average between the Italians who were ready to surrender everything and those of extreme Nationalist views, in order to get an approximate average of the Italian claims.

The House Commission was composed mainly of university professors imbued with the idea of reforming the world as soon as the war was over. They speedily conceived a real sympathy for the cause of the Jugo-Slavs, and hostility to Italian aspirations. This was particularly true after the Bolsheviki made public the Treaty of London.

One of the fixed ideas of the members of this commission was that every nation should have an outlet to the sea, accompanied by the theory that even though the seacoast might be inhabited by people of a different nationality from those who lived in the hinterland, the hinterland nationalities should be political masters of the ports. I remember that back in 1917 I heard one of the members of the commission, talking of Kavala, a port on the Ægean Sea, assert that although the city was inhabited mainly by Greeks it ought to belong to Bulgaria because its hinterland was Bulgarian.

This preoccupation with a sea outlet—a sea outlet secure, convenient, and adequate—is exhibited in the eleventh and thirteenth of the Fourteen Points of President Wilson, in their application to Serbia and Poland.

It determined his attitude in regard to Fiume.

This preparatory work went on without any apparent effort on the part of Italy to counteract the prejudices it might create. I ought to say here that the House Commission was only nominally secret. The newspapers did not discuss it and comparatively few people knew where its headquarters were. But its labors were secret only so far as the general public was concerned.

While the spectacled professors of the commission were working themselves up against Italy and sending their reports to Wilson, and while energetic and brilliant Serb publicists were agitating in Washington and New York and winning over the men whose influence was strongest with the President, we did nothing whatever to counteract their efforts. It was not until the end of May, 1918, that we opened in New York an Italian propaganda office. But it did not know how to go about its work and what policy to adopt. Without doubt, this was a result of the conflict of opinion between Orlando and Sonnino.

On the 8th of January, 1918, the President sent to Congress the message containing the famous Fourteen Points, and any man who was not blind could see at once Wilson's position. While the eighth article recognized the right of France to Alsace-Lorraine, and while Serbia, Roumania, and Poland were specifically named and their precise rights defined, the ninth point, which referred to Italy, simply said: 'A readjustment of the frontiers of Italy should be effected along clearly recognizable lines of nationality.' What did that mean? Where were the 'clearly recognizable lines of nationality'? If they were those proposed by Mr. Cvic, the readjustment of the Italian frontier would

include only the Trentino, and the Jugo-Slavs would receive a large part of Friuli and Venetia. If not this, what did the ambiguous phrase, 'clearly recognizable lines of nationality' mean? Where are there 'clearly recognizable lines of nationality,' on a basis of either geography or ethnography, in Europe or elsewhere; and where is it less possible to draw even an approximate line of that character than in the territories which pertain or have pertained to the Austro-Hungarian Empire? Why was an inquiry not addressed to President Wilson at that time, asking him to explain his ambiguous phrase, especially since we knew, or should have known, his mental attitude, and the source from which he drew his information? We should observe that at that time we were at the most critical point of the war. Only two months had elapsed since the disaster of Caporetto, and we were absolutely dependent on the United States for aid. But we were fighting for the common cause. Floods of Italian blood had flowed upon the battlefield. We had incurred enormous sacrifices; and we had for our reward merely an obscure and ambiguous phrase! The source of our misfortune, I repeat, was that two policies were then struggling for ascendancy in the Italian cabinet, both of which in my opinion were disastrous — one was to despise and disregard public opinion in America; the other one was to propitiate that country in every way and go ahead fondly hoping that Italy's rights would receive recognition in the end by the Peace Conference.

But when the war was over, and President Wilson left for Europe with his baggage train of data, and when he was welcomed in Italy like a Messiah and Saviour, how does it happen that the Italian people did not know the true situation, and did not realize that

he could never be prevailed upon to consent to Italy's claims? If it was our idea to renounce part of these claims, why did we not prepare public opinion for this inevitable sacrifice? What people knew here should have been known also in Italy; and if it were known in Italy, the Italian people likewise should have been informed that President Wilson's most pronounced characteristic is obstinacy, a trait of character, for which he was noted among all who knew him from the time when he was President of the University of Princeton. What grounds had Italian statesmen for expecting to change his attitude, since they could not have been ignorant of what that attitude was? If the people had been informed of that attitude, and the President had been received in Italy with cold courtesy, I do not say that we would have obtained anything by it, but we might at least have escaped the bitter disappointment of Paris, and have avoided leaving the Peace Conference and then returning to it humbly in the hope of bettering an intolerable situation. If we had resigned ourselves to sacrifice, or better said, if Mr. Orlando wished to make a sacrifice, why not say so frankly to the people and concede something in order to save something — for instance, relinquish our claims to Dalmatia in order to secure Fiume?

But people may say that even this does not explain Wilson's attitude, and show why he is so opposed to Italy. I do not attempt to explain it, because it is a psychological condition. He has got it into his head that Italy is wrong, and that the Treaty of London is an evil thing. He believed, and still believes, that when the United States entered the war the secret treaties existing among the Allies should have been abrogated, or should have been revised with the unanimous consent of

all the governments associated in the war.

If you ask me further whether the Italian nation is disliked by President Wilson, if there is a personal animus against our country as a country, I answer that I do not think either is the case. His attitude is entirely the result of an adopted line of action, of a fixed principle which a conjuncture of circumstances has caused to be applied particularly to Italy. We now see him at swords' points with France, and cannot understand why he should not be equally displeased with England. After all is said, blood is thicker than water, and Wilson is an Anglo-Saxon. He cannot avoid thinking that what the Anglo-Saxons do is just, although their acts may violate one or more of his sacred Fourteen Points.

A last word to those who believe in the friendship for Italy of that fraction of the American Senate which is opposing Wilson. I do not believe in it. This is an election year in America, and every issue is regarded solely from the standpoint of party advantage. Italians should keep a sharp eye on America this summer and study the United States and its intricate political mechanism. Our people should measure as exactly as possible the stature and tendencies of the various candidates for the Presidency. These will soon be reduced to two or three.

They should learn to know exactly what powers and prerogatives and sources of influence the President of the United States possesses — what he can really do under the American Constitution and the political precedents of his country. We should not expose ourselves to further disappointments, and we should not overlook that until March, 1921, unless a miracle happens, President Wilson, with all the authority of his office, will remain absolutely the same and will hold the identical ideas upon the Adriatic situation which he has held since his advisers gave him the results of their studies upon Istria and Dalmatia. Indeed, his ideas are likely to become even more fixed, instead of modified. Probably now that he has started on that road, he will continue to show hostility to France, and will express views on the Turkish question. But he is not likely to make any concessions in regard to Italy. Bear in mind that he still exerts a powerful influence in spite of the opposition of the Senate. We cannot, any more than the rest of Europe, bluntly tell the United States to keep out of our affairs, because we must have American assistance and we owe vast sums to America — sums which we cannot now pay. So it is imperative that we reconcile ourselves to a policy which will rest heavily on the heart of every good Italian.

[The Times (Northcliffe Press), April 23]
RUSSIA FROM THE INSIDE

WE have received the following report from the delegation sent to Russia by the Russian coöperative organizations abroad to inquire into the possibility of the exchange of goods with Soviet Russia.

On February 18 the delegation entered the territory of Soviet Russia across the Finnish frontier, having in their possession the guaranties communicated by wireless from the Soviet Government of an unhindered admission into Russia and return from Russia, and after receiving from M. Litvinoff, the representative of the Soviet Government, passports and visas for entry into Russia.

From the very frontier the delegates were isolated from the outside world, a special guard being assigned to them, which guard brought them direct to Moscow and did not permit of their stopping at Petrograd, although the delegates had the intention of doing that. In Moscow the delegates were conveyed to the house of the Commissariat for Foreign Affairs on the Safiskai Quay, where delegates and correspondents arriving from abroad are usually quartered. The system of isolation was continued also here; the delegates had attached to them two employees of the Commissariat for Foreign Affairs, on whom the duty was laid to be always with the delegates and not to permit their being visited by any persons except those who had the special permission of the Commissariat for Foreign Affairs.

In spite of the protests by the delegates and the promises of a number of prominent Soviet personages, including Messrs. Lezhava, Rosovsky, and

others who are the nominated members of the Board of *Centrosojus* (the central coöperative organization) to insist on the removal of this isolation, this treatment remained the same till the end of the delegates' stay in Russia.

Only on the fifth day of their stay the delegates succeeded in getting an interview with M. Lezhava, the president of the *Centrosojus* nominated by the Soviet Government; and only on the tenth day were they permitted an interview with the former head of the *Centrosojus*, who was formerly the elected chairman, namely, M. D. S. Koroboff. The interviews took place in the presence of persons specially appointed by the Commissariat for Foreign Affairs. During the whole time of their stay in Russia the delegates have never been given the opportunity of attending a meeting of the board of the *Centrosojus* or of any other coöperative organizations, and to submit to them their reports on all those questions which they should have cleared up to the Russian coöperative organizations, and more particularly on the question of schemes for the exchange of goods with foreign countries. The delegates likewise were deprived of the possibility of freely communicating with the Russian Coöperative Organization abroad, on behalf of which they went to Russia.

Permission for the return abroad was received by them only on March 28, three weeks from the date of their notifying their wish to return.

In spite of the circumstances indicated, the delegates being persons well acquainted with conditions of life

in Russia, and having numerous personal acquaintances and connections among social circles in Moscow, have found means to gather detailed information about the general state of the country, and have obtained opinions which they accept as fully authoritative on such questions, from varied and wide circles of public men. These general opinions are summarized below.

The whole country is in the power of the Communist party, which continues to carry through Socialist measures according to the programme of the Communist party. A tendency is noticeable toward a system of centralization, that is, the subordination of local Soviets and economic bodies to the central authority; the nomination by the central authority of presidents and members on the local, provincial, and regional bodies of the Soviet system, on executive committees of Workers' Soviets, the People's Economic Council, and on the supply committees. Formerly at the head of these institutions were none but elected persons. In order to obtain majorities in the Soviets the Communist party resorts to all methods, including force, which it has at its sole command.

The village lives quite apart from the town, and in it have been conserved to a greater extent than in the town the physical and material forces of the country. The town population is dying out in the literal meaning of the word. The yearly mortality in Moscow has reached 112 persons per 1000. Typhus is raging in the villages, and to a still greater extent in the towns and along the railways. Medical aid in the towns is scarce, while in the villages it is almost entirely non-existent. There are no drugs at all. Compulsory labor and the collection of products as taxation in kind greatly irritate the population. By every means in their power the people are trying not to carry out

the obligations imposed on them, and are carrying them out only under the pressure of physical force and terror.

The former privately owned estates are deserted, although on some of them have been organized the so-called Soviet farms. In suburban districts the peasants have become enriched at the expense of the impoverishment of the town. They have acquired various household goods, which in former times never entered a peasant's home.

The peasantry sell agricultural produce very unwillingly, and, otherwise than by exchange for articles such as soap, salt, and matches, it is impossible to get anything. The peasants only deliver raw materials under compulsion. Owing to the famine, the people are concerned solely with their own preservation, the production of foodstuffs, and the evasion of the heavy and unpleasant obligations imposed on them by the authorities.

Only the official press published by the government, or the Communist party, is in existence.

All industry and trade are socialized and nationalized, and are under the control of special central bodies under the direction of the Supreme Soviet People's Economic Council. At the mills and factories there are no raw materials, fuel, or organized labor. The majority of skilled workmen are engaged on various government duties, and those of them who have not yet broken their connection with the villages have gone back to them. The workmen who remain are bound by an iron discipline, and every breach of regulations, even of such as are practically impossible of observance, is punished by fine or arrest. On these grounds, and mainly in matters relating to the food supply, strikes occur, which are always suppressed in a pitiless way.

Small industry is under the con-

trol of the provincial and district economic councils. The central bodies dealing with special branches of national industry cannot harmonize among themselves the measures adopted by them, nor with those of the local economic council. As a result of all these conditions, output in all branches of national industry is continuously declining.

The distribution of all commodities, with the exception of raw materials, should by law be carried out exclusively according to the plans of the provincial supply committees through the coöperative unions. Nevertheless, private trade is practised extensively and openly on the markets, bazaars, and open spaces, although continuously at the risk of confiscation and various penalties. Big commercial transactions are also made, having as their object the sale of goods, also of house property, notwithstanding the fact that this involves risk of trial before a revolutionary tribunal.

The countless quantities of paper money issued have made such paper money absolutely valueless. All productive enterprises and government institutions exist by the issue of paper money. There are no credit operations. The State Bank has been abolished. In its place is being organized a Budget Clearing Office. No serious projects for the improvement of the finances are contemplated. It can only be noted as a fact that paper money is taken very unwillingly, and everybody avoids it whenever possible.

Generally speaking, national industry is ruined, the railways are working very poorly, trains running only twice, or even once, a week, and the rolling stock is destroyed.

The deterioration of every branch of national economic life continues; not even the slightest improvement in anything is to be noticed.

The actual position of the coöperative movement is as follows: The whole country is covered with a network of coöperative unions and consumers' stores. There is not a single village without its consumers' society, especially in Central Russia. By the decree of March 20, 1919, the consumers' coöperative societies were compulsorily combined into one single coöperative organization, and amalgamation has been carried through of the workers' coöperative societies with the ordinary coöperative societies. The following are the special provisions of the decree:

1. Every adult person is obliged to be a registered member of a consumers' coöperative society.
2. The share basis of the societies has been abolished, and operations are carried on by means of advances received from the people.
3. The educational and cultural work is handed over to the Departments of National Education, and must be carried on at the expense of the latter according to their estimates and under their supervision and control.
4. The right of being elected and of taking part in the management is not enjoyed by everyone; the restrictions are the same as apply to Soviets under the constitution of the republic.

On January 27, 1920, a new decree, supplementary to the decree of March 20, 1919, was issued relating to the coöperative organizations. Under this new decree all the various separate forms of coöperative organizations, both local and central (credit societies, agricultural societies, producing 'artels,' and associations of the latter), are abolished and are compelled to amalgamate with the consumers' coöperative organizations, while their central organizations are compelled to join the *Centrosojus* in the form of special sections of the latter. In order that this fusion of the various forms of coöperative organizations should be carried through with as little disturbance as possible, it is proposed to carry it into effect gradually.

All the former coöperators disapprove of these two decrees, holding the view that they infringe the fundamental basis for successful coöperative work — namely, the voluntary nature of their formation and the free activity of their members.

Superficially and numerically, the coöperative organizations have increased very largely, but their quality has been lowered owing to their unnatural growth and to the influx of men who in spirit are foreign to the coöperative movement. The Communist party has made it a watchword and a duty for its members to enter into the very midst of the coöperative organizations and their work. These strange elements which have entered the coöperative movement are introducing into it the principle and methods of Soviet policy.

The elections of the boards of the coöperative organizations, which were held toward the end of 1919 and in the beginning of 1920, were carried out under great pressure from the local Soviets, whose object was to insure the predominance of Communists, with the open disregard of the articles of association of the societies, and even with instructions of the People's Commissary of Supply in regard to these elections. Nevertheless, as the result of these elections in the villages, the old coöperators were elected to the board in the majority of cases.

Generally speaking, real coöperators recognize the need to continue to work in the altered form of coöperative or-

ganizations, and are working together with the newly admitted Communists, and continue to enjoy considerable personal influence. Thanks to this, there is still preserved in the coöperative organizations the former spirit and business methods of work.

Under the present laws, the work of the coöperative organizations consists mainly in the distribution of products according to the rationing schemes of the provincial supply committees, with the obligation to accept in exchange grain, butter, and other produce. It is also proposed to accept in exchange for the distributed products the manufactures of village handicrafts.

At the same time the coöperative organizations, under contracts with various Soviet institutions, are carrying on extensive operations for the production and collection of goods, having at their disposal hundreds of industrial enterprises of their own, and those nationalized enterprises handed over to them for exploitation. All the products, however, have to be distributed according to the rationing schemes of the Commissariat of Supplies and of the provincial supply committees.

The total turnover of the *Centrosojus* alone amounts to billions of rubles. The finances of the coöperative organizations are chiefly made up from advances by state institutions, their own considerable funds playing only a secondary part in the total turnover. In the technical organization of their work, the coöperative organizations have retained complete independence.

[*The Athenæum*].

THE STRANGE CAREER OF THE REAL MADAME TUSSAUD

BY D. L. M.

IN 1766 Dr. Christopher Curtius, established in Paris as a modeler in wax, paid a visit to his family home in Berne, and returned bringing with him his six-year-old niece, Marie Grosholtz. He had done so well himself in the French capital that he meant to train the child in his own profession. His benevolent thought was singularly rewarded, for the girl proved a pupil who swiftly excelled her master. There was witchery in the tips of her supple fingers; they could coax the wax to forsake its cadaverous tinge and bloom more daintily than living flesh. Each figure she made was instinct with fairy-like life, and haunted undeniably by a soul. The spirit of the old court painters seemed to have touched her, the grace of Lancret, the pensive mind of Watteau. On the rouged and powdered beauties of her epoch she conferred just the immortality they sighed for, an eternal youth of delusively tempting charms. Thus she grew to womanhood in her uncle's studio, the rendezvous of all the great Liberal thinkers, where Benjamin Franklin sat stolidly for his effigy; where Lafayette and Mirabeau spouted their politics, and Voltaire purloined the ideas of Rousseau as he uttered them. She did not bestow much notice on their debates, but they took good notice of the handsome girl, with her royal head and proudly-curved, dominant nose, and prophesied that she had a destiny. One day it knocked

at the door, and proved — the King's sister!

Madame Elizabeth, who thus entered her life, was a strenuous Princess and a woman of varied accomplishments. As soon as she saw the work of Marie Grosholtz she was convinced that she ought to learn modeling herself, and take her pretty professor to live with her. Dr. Curtius would not oppose his niece's promotion, but, when she had gone, he altered his arrangements. He resolved to keep his Palais Royal Museum for scenes depicting court life and fashionable events, while he opened a second show in the Boulevard du Temple, where he ranged the busts of the coming men in politics, and tentatively made a plan for a Chamber of Horrors. The details, he felt, he might leave for time to fill in. His niece, meanwhile, was extremely happy at Court. She taught the great ladies to model flowers and fruit, and made group after group to be shown at her uncle's establishment. This life went on till 1789, when a peremptory recall arrived from Curtius. There was nothing for it but a tearful leave-taking, of the gracious Queen and beloved Madame Elizabeth, of Mesdames de Polignac, and the Princess de Lamballe. She reassured those she was forced to disappoint. But certainly she would keep her promises to them! But, of course, she would model all their heads one day!

Traveling back to the Boulevard du

Temple, she learned that the Palais Royal Exhibition was closed. She wondered, and then her eyes were rudely opened. On July 12 a mob foamed up to the doors, and demanded from Curtius the busts of two popular favorites: 'Egalité' d'Orléans and the banished Minister Necker. These they carried aloft by torchlight, swathed in crape, till the Prince de Lambesc's dragoons charged down upon them, when the figure of M. Necker was sliced in two, and that of d'Orléans splashed with the blood of its bearer. But this charge did not stop the march of the revolution, nor even the march of these restless waxen figures, which knew they had still a long journey to perform.

But Curtius was soon absorbed in national service, so that what modeling had to be done was left to his niece. The leading men of the revolutionary government (who had dined so often at the Doctor's house) had imbibed a faith in propaganda by waxwork. So Marie now found herself forced to keep old promises: she modeled the heads of her aristocratic patrons, as they were brought to her fresh from the knife of the guillotine. It was not always her own friends that passed in this nightmare defile; sometimes, when the cloth was removed from the oozing relic, it was . . . one of those diners at her uncle's table. But, whatever the pressure put on her by authority, she would never prostitute her art to mere horror.

Thought and affliction, passion, Hell itself,
She turns to favor, and to prettiness;

— and sometimes she served her employers best this way. When they brought her to view Charlotte Corday's horrid butcher work, she protested (loyal little White that she was) that 'the cadaverous aspect of the fiend' made her ill. But the spirit that

guided those fingers had no politics, and her Jean Paul Marat, lying in his bath, is the sleeping martyr of the revolution. It is the fit companion of her other masterpiece, the pale, lovely mask of Marie Antoinette, with the crimson drop where the patch of beauty once rested. To those who still say there is no art in waxwork a study of these two busts may be recommended.

Between 1789 and 1802 Marie Groscholtz lost her uncle and a husband, and acquired her historic name of Madame Tussaud. She also had her share of internment as 'suspect.' At last, when the Peace of Amiens was signed, she was free of entanglements and ready to fly. Once again the restless wax figures prepared to march; their mistress directed them to the shores of Albion. There was only one thing lacking to her Hegira: she ought to have brought the Dauphin concealed in her cases! She was now a shrewd, buxom woman of forty-two, sufficiently hardened against all blows of destiny. For many years her show traveled up and down England, and from the pompous language of her bills and announcements we see where Dickens (libeler that he was!) derived his inspiration for Mrs. Jarley. At Bristol, one Sunday in 1831, she found that *ces Anglais* were having their own revolution; but how should a Reform Bill riot unnerve this woman, who had lived at the very heart of the Reign of Terror? She posted her negro servant with a blunderbuss to guard the building against incendiaries, then gave the familiar order for transportation to the patient companions of her pilgrimage, who suffered themselves to be borne out into the square, where, mixed in the ranks of the panic-struck inhabitants, they surveyed with their changeless smile the blazing city.

At length these wanderers came to rest in London, in the house with the

squat, yellow columns in Baker Street. But Madame Tussaud would still be at her witchery; as though drawn by the magnet of her invisible magic, all the objects with which she had been ever so faintly associated in the days when she lived amid the historical turmoil began to collect in her exhibition rooms. Hither came, among many relics of minor importance, the knife and the posts of the revolutionary guillotine, and the traveling coach of the Emperor Napoleon, who had shown her some slight kindness during his Consulate, remembering she had shared a prison with Josephine. In these tranquil days, as she drew on into longevity, while her waxen progeny increased and multiplied, she presented the figure by which she is known to millions, the little old lady in the black poke bonnet, with great spectacles garnishing the gaunt, dominant nose. At night, when the last sightseer had long departed, she would traverse the silent halls with her wavering candle, in wordless maternal colloquy with their denizens, and linger beside the 'Sleeping Beauty,' St. Amaranthe, the fairest of all her cut flowers from Samson's basket, whose muslin bosom stirs with tremulous breath. One night she did not come to bed at all, and in the morning they found her at the head of this figure. They could not move her, so she stands there still. . . . At least, it is very hard to believe she does not!

She left 'Two Swords,' a great British institution, which rivaled Westminster Abbey and the Tower, and put St. Paul's Cathedral out of the running. Its later history, as her great-grandson tells it, is a comedy with a pure Victorian flavor. The long procession of excited royalty is diversified by visitors scarcely credible — the color-sergeant of the U.S.A. army who thought that by carrying the Stars and Stripes through England he would bring about

an Anglo-Saxon entente, and a luckless bastard of Napoleon, who had inherited nothing but his father's features, and must have sighed for a job as a waxwork himself. There is also the rich political burlesque of Beaconsfield and the Turnerelli gold wreath, a worthy subject for Mr. Lytton Strachey. But, of course, what normally constituted readers will ask for is some eerie tale about the Chamber of Horrors. M. Tussaud obliges them. He was passing along its corridors one night, when . . . he rubbed his eyes, but the fact could not be denied! . . . he saw the figure of a gigantic criminal begin to heave, as with birth-throes à la Frankenstein. Then slowly it turned on its master, and crouched for a spring! What happened next M. Tussaud does not tell us, but this is his way of accounting for the business:

The vibration caused by a heavy goods train on the Metropolitan Railway, which runs under the Exhibition premises, had shaken the figure off its balance, and the iron which fastened it to the floor permitted it to move and lean forward in the uncanny manner I have described.

'T is great sport to see the engineer hoist with his own petard, and, for ourselves, we believe M. Tussaud is only respited. As regards his singularly lame 'explanation,' we invite him to carry that to the Marines.

[*The Spectator*]

ON BEING PATIENT: AN ESSAY

If we look back at the outward conditions of life before the war, their salient feature seems to have been promptitude. 'No sooner said than done,' were the words which sprang to our minds as we remembered the details of existence during the first fourteen years of the century. 'No sooner attempted than delayed,' would better describe our present way of life.

Consider the former position of a busy man in a large town. How little he had to try his patience, so far as his outward life was in question! He began the day by 'going to work,' and he got there with the minimum of effort. Transport was cheaper and quicker than it had ever been before. Food was cheap and instantly to be had. Whatever he might want to buy he could procure as soon as he could pay for it. Whatever he wanted, from a new house to a new hat, he could have — if he had the money — when he wanted it. If he was cold, he put more coals on without consideration of anything but the bill. If his roof leaked one night, he expected to find upon his return home the next evening that 'a man had been about it,' and at least temporarily the inconvenience was remedied. If he wanted to make a hole in his savings in order to further some project or make some financial venture, he could probably touch his money when he wanted it; he did not have to wait and wait for a more favorable moment to 'sell out.' Every bit of his energy was utilized to further the projects that he had in hand; none of it was wasted during intervals of enforced 'waiting.'

The mechanism of life was almost perfect. If a man could pay for what he wanted, he could get it when he wanted it. Even if he were poor and there were many things which he had to do without altogether, there was none which he had to wait for if it were within his means. The wear and tear of daily work was reduced to a minimum.

It is the fashion just now among optimists to say that things were too pleasant in those days, that the present inconvenience will be productive of good in the matter of character, that we were all much 'spoiled' and need a lesson in patience. We must be

made to realize, they say, what thousands of hands and wheels were set in motion by the buttons which we touched, and learn patiently to watch the processes which brought about the fulfillment of our desires. We very much doubt whether these conventional moralizations rest upon any very sound foundation, and whether the trials of patience we now endure are anything but a misfortune to us, to be endured like other misfortunes with what fortitude we may but not to be disguised as blessings. After all, the delightful promptitude which we enjoyed was the same for everyone. The workingmen who were responsible for it shared its benefits. Why were we the worse because our tempers were not tried morning, noon, and night by delays? No false humility can lead us to admit that we did anything but well in the ordeal we have passed through. Might it not be justly argued that we did the better for this 'spoiling'?

If our object was to win the war, it was surely well for us that it came upon us in mettlesome mood, with our mental and moral energies unimpaired by constant irritation, our hope and self-confidence unshaken by the sight of the yawning gulf which now divides thought from action and will from deed. Could we have worked the miracles that we did work in the matter of organization if our faith in our own power had not been established by the perpetual handling of Aladdin's lamp?

Our rulers touched buttons and shouted into receivers and our men were clothed, transported, and fed as if by magic. The magic rested upon toil, but the faith which set it all in motion rested upon experience. Of course what we as a people wanted we could have, and have at once. We were not accustomed to see any obstacles in the road in front of us — but now the road is full.

If we want to walk down a central thoroughfare, we must have patience. We cannot make our way quickly through the throng. A feeling of exasperation comes upon us; we suppress it, and arrive at our destination after a mental as well as a physical struggle. If we run for a train, we must wait to take a ticket, resisting perhaps a strong temptation to push out of our proper place in the queue. Very likely when we reach the platform we cannot get into the over-full train; we must wait for the next. If we call at a shop, we come out again without buying because we can wait no longer. If we want a meal at a restaurant, we must bolt it because we have waited such a long time to get it that we have none to eat it. Our business letters tell us that we must wait for the conclusion of any transaction we are engaged in, and all our tradesmen keep us waiting because they themselves must wait. Wherever we turn we are held up. We feel, as we say, 'harassed to death.'

Meanwhile parents talk anxiously of growing-up boys who do not realize the necessity of work. 'This notion that people can live better and work less is not, alas! confined to any trade, or any union, or any class,' we hear them say; 'all the young people have it.' There are great causes, as we all know, for these troubles. The war has exhausted us for the moment. You cannot throw the social machine out of gear for a period of years and get it into working order again in a few months. Vast social changes were foreshadowed before the war; revolutionary ideas are in the air. All these great matters are outside the scope of such an article as this; but there are little causes at work also, and among them must surely be counted the constant demand for patience which is now being made upon every one of

us. If you want a horse to run a race, you do not pull him back upon his haunches every few paces; if you want a boy to be eager at work or at play, you do not constantly interrupt him in the pursuit of his duty or his pleasure.

Everyone knows that it is only too easy to discourage endeavor by putting an undue interval of time between effort and accomplishment. Patience is a virtue which comes most easily to the lethargic. They can stand all this superficial irritation with less effort, a less mental and moral detriment, than vivacious natures. It is easy to them to be superficially sweet-tempered, to let other people get in front of them, to put aside their immediate purpose, to let matters take their own course. If they are good people,—and a great many constitutionally lethargic people are very good indeed,—they conduct themselves to admiration in the turmoil of to-day. However often they are 'let and hindered' in their daily task, they remain calm; while men of more energy either lose heart and purposely drop out of the race, or lose self-control and temper and make a sorry spectacle of their fruitless struggle against circumstance.

All things considered, it is not to be wondered at if the boys of to-day accept these calm men as models. They do not fret or push; they do not call for a Maxim gun to make a path before them through the crowd; they do not even come home worn out with their efforts at patience and vent their irritability on innocent relations who had nothing to do with their troubles. They have the *beau rôle* just now, and young critics are quick to note this. They are not probably very ambitious people; their 'aims' and 'ends,' their 'goals' and 'ideals,' are not very near their hearts. They can

easily be called off from their pursuit if the way is not very smooth. They are not really the best guides of youth. 'Surely it is a greater thing,' say the boys and girls, 'to know how to lose your train, and all that losing it

stands for, than to die working feverishly with such-and-such an output to your credit. Bother the output! What does it matter if we do have to wait!' It will be sad if we have learned patience only to lose power.

[*The London Quarterly*]

A MERCHANT ADVENTURER IN THE TIME OF QUEEN ELIZABETH

BY BASIL ST. CLEATHER

To pass from the reign of Queen Mary to that of Elizabeth is to pass from the dreary gloom of winter to the sunny brightness and glory of a midsummer day. Philip, the detested of the English people, who had set himself with Gardiner and Bonner to destroy the heresy of the nation, the unfaithful husband of a queen whom he had unwillingly married, had left her and gone to the Netherlands. Mary would see him no more. She was very ill, really dying, when there came the tidings of the loss of Calais—'Calais, the glory of England; the fear of her enemies; Calais, the mart of her merchants; Calais, the guardian of the Channel.' It hastened her end, and deepened the gloom of the nation. The very heavens added to the depression—a continual damp through the year was accompanied by curious phosphoric exhalations which frightened many into a belief that the day of judgment was at hand. There was famine and an epidemic of burning fever.

So sank the Queen—without an heir. One memory must have haunted her with bitterness. The greatest sor-

row that ever befell her was in Easter week, two years before, when she had gone to Hampton Court for her confinement. Parliament had been solemnly informed of the coming event, and masses and processions were ordered for her safe delivery. Prayers were offered by stately dignitaries that God would grant the child to be a male child, 'well favored and witty.' State papers were drawn up to announce the fact to all European potentates, with the date left blank.

'A veri sumptuouslie trimmed' cradle was ready, and on it the quaint inscription—

The child which Thou to Mary
O Lord of Might didst send
To England's joie in health
Preserve keepe and defende.

The climax was reached when special messengers were dispatched to announce that the happy event had actually taken place. The churches rocked with merry peals. The *Te Deum* was sung. Thanksgiving sermons were preached. The news crossed the Channel, and the great bell of Antwerp rang, and a hundred crowns were given to English mariners to drink

the health of the baby — *that had never come*. It was all a mistake. Queen Mary had the dropsy — that was all.

So childless, friendless, deserted by those who should have been her attendants, but who had hastened to her successor, Queen Mary passed away on November 17, 1558, in the forty-third year of her age.

The people soon learned what manner of Queen succeeded her, 'a woman of high stomach,' as the chronicler said. The funeral service of the late Queen was preached by Bishop White of Winchester, in Latin, which Elizabeth understood as well as the preacher. He dwelt upon the virtues of the late Queen with such a fit of weeping that he choked himself. Then he finished his oration thus: 'Our late sovereign hath left a sister, a lady of great worth, whom we are bound to obey, for a living dog is better than a dead lion.' Elizabeth, not yet twenty-six years of age, without ado ordered his arrest as he left the pulpit. We can think of the commotion. The bishop loudly threatened Elizabeth with excommunication, and declared himself there and then ready to be led forth to martyrdom. The wisdom of the Queen showed itself as much as her courage when she swept away with a haughty silence.

It was forty years after that Bishop Anthony Rudd preached before the Queen, and, alluding to her age, spoke of the time when the grinders be few, and they were dark who look out of the windows. The Queen bade him keep such arithmetic to himself. 'I see,' said she, 'that the greatest clerks are not always the wisest of men.'

Although it diverts us from our intended purpose, yet is there another story of Queen Elizabeth, which must be told if only to restore the reputation of the Bishops. One of Her Majesty's 'grinders' was aching sorely. The incident, little known, ought to be as

familiar as that of Sir Walter Raleigh and his cloak. It is told by Miss Strickland in her *Life of the Queen*, that Her Majesty, suffering severely from toothache, sat as the barber surgeon fetched out his grim instruments for the extraction of the tooth. Her Majesty shrank, as well she might, from such a cruel process. Unable to submit, and unwilling to endure, she sat nursing the troubled cheek when Aylmer, the Bishop of London, although an old man and having no teeth to spare, 'seeing Her Majesty lacked courage, said cheerily, 'Your Majesty, it is no great matter. See, I pray you.' And seating himself he bade the barber surgeon show Her Majesty, while he opened his mouth and gripped the arms of the chair. 'There,' he cried, as he held his tooth in his hand, 'a moment's wrench and a lifelong relief.' So was Her Majesty emboldened by the courtly Bishop, and the thing was done.

It was a new London that came with the accession of the new Queen. With unerring discrimination she gathered about her a company of statesmen who helped her to make London the capital of the commercial world. The Thames was filled with the ships of all waters, and on the wharves and quays were men in all manner of foreign dress, and with foreign speech. A census showed that in twelve years the number of foreigners had trebled, and now included some negroes and Indians. The overcrowding led to an edict that one house was to have in it but one family.

What this meant to London was soon seen on all sides. In the days of Henry VIII two thirds of the houses in London had windows of greased paper, but during the reign of Elizabeth almost every house had its windows of glass. When the Queen was a girl rushes covered the floor, but

in her reign carpets were everywhere. All sorts of foreign fruits appeared in the markets: parrots screamed alike from the parlors of the tradesmen and from the palaces. Tobacco came to be the proper end of the dinner party, with an array of pipes that even the ladies enjoyed.

Of the enterprise of the merchant venturers it is difficult to speak without seeming to overstate the courage and endurance with which they went forth, not only to enrich themselves and the nation, but to benefit the laborers of the land. Here is the direction given by Master Hakluyt in his *Remembrance to a Factor*. 'Thus giving you occasionally by way of a little remembrance to have a desire to do your country good, you shall do more good to the poore ready to starve for reliefe than any subject ever did in this realm by building of almshouses and by giving of lands and goods to the relief of the poore. Thus may you help to drive idleness, the mother of most mischiefs, out of the realme and winne you perpetuale fame, and the prayer of the poore which is worth more than all the gold of Peru and of all the West Indies.'

The story of the merchant venturers may best be told by taking one instance from a host, not less famous. Edward Osborne had been sent by his father from Ashford, in Kent, as apprentice to Sir William Hewit, one of London's richest merchants, a leading member of the Clothmakers' Guild. This Sir William was Lord Mayor in the year that Queen Elizabeth came to the throne. His house was on London Bridge, where passed the state processions. 'Nowhere was there more stir and activity: in front of the houses flowed from morning to night an unceasing current of the busiest and most various humanity; and the back windows had another kind of cheer-

fulness of their own — a spacious and open prospect over town, country, and sky, with a full share of the sunshine and the breeze.' This Sir William had, says Stow, three sons and one daughter, Anne, to which daughter this mischance happened. The maid, playing with her out of a window over the River Thames, dropped her in almost beyond expectation of her being saved. We hear the shrieks of the crowd, the wild excitement as the little child was swept by the current, a place where there was a fall of four feet in the river, and where boats were often wrecked and people drowned. Here it was that Rubens was nearly drowned; the boat capsized and an oarsman was lost. Then forth rushed young Edward Osborne, and leaped from the parapet, and caught the child and brought her safe to land. So went forth the fame of the young apprentice, as the story spread through the city. Sir William Hewit never forgot what he owed to the apprentice. When the child grew up a fair woman, the daughter of so rich a father, many suitors came to seek her hand, 'and particularly, the Earl of Shrewsbury. But Sir William had one answer for them all. 'Osborne saved her, and Osborne shall enjoy her.' So Edward Osborne came by his wife and her great estate.

He became an Alderman of London, and first Governor of the Turkey Company. He went 'to negotiate a friendly reception in Turkey,' sailing on board the good ship Susan, of London, armed with thirty-four guns. A London merchant ignorant of the Turkish language and Turkish ways must have had much skill and much courage to accomplish the treaty he sought. It was some time before he was permitted to land — a ship with thirty-four guns was not to be trusted in haste. He landed eventually, but

by way of warning passed 'pyramids of human heads freshly severed.' After seeing a wholesale execution of refractory eunuchs he was permitted to approach the Commander of the Faithful, whom he found seated on a gorgeous throne enriched with countless diamonds, erected in the centre of a sort of golden cage. Through an interpreter he made known his request, and returned with a treaty which Hakluyt gives in full, in Latin and English. By royal warrant was given to Sir Edward Osborne a monopoly of the Levant trade. 'We of our royal favor, and of our especial grace, by these presents doe grant to Edward Osborne (and his parteners) that the said lands, territories, and dominions of the Grand Signor or any of them, shall not be visited, frequented, nor haunted by way of merchandise by any other our subjects.'

The journeyings of these venturers were immense, and when we remember the difficulties of traveling and the diverse foreign languages in which they had to make themselves understood, were amazing. There is a long account of one Thomas Foster going with the pilgrims to Mecca, minutely describing the journey. One extract must suffice. He thus describes the chief object of veneration, the sacred stone which very few Englishmen have ever seen. 'At one side of the house of Abraham in Mecca there is a stone of a span long and halfe a span broad, which stone as they say fell down from heaven, at the fall whereof was heard a voyce that wheresoever the stone fell, there should be builded the house of God, wherein God will hear sinners. Moreover, they say, that when this stone fell from heaven it was white as the whitest snow, and by reason it hath so often been kissed by sinners it is therewith become blacker; for all pilgrimers are bound to kiss this stone,

otherwise they carry their sins with them again.'

Honest John Newberry carried letters from the Queen's Majestie to Zelabdim Echebar, King of Cambaix, 'by which means the mutual and friendlie trafique of merchandise on both sides may come, is the cause of the bearer of this letter, joyntlie with those that be in his companie, with a curteous and honest boldness doe repaire to the borders and countreys of your Empire.' Another letter from the Queen's Majestie is borne by this same John Newberry to the King of China.

Another chapter records, 'The Voyage of Ralph Fitch, merchant of London, by way of Tripolis, in Syria, to Ormuz and so to Goa in the East Indies, to Cambaia and all the kingdoms of Zelabdim Echabar, the great Mogor, to the mighty river Ganges, and down to Bengula and Chondeir, to Imahay in the Kingdom of Siam, and backe to Pegu, and from thence to Malacca, Zeilan, Cochin, and all the coast of the East Indies: begunne in the yeare of our Lord, 1583, and ended 1591, wherein the strange rites, manners, and customes of those countries are faithfully set downe, and diligently described by the aforesaid Ralph Fitch.'

There is a letter from John Newberry, written from Babylon, giving a list of the 'prices of wares as they are worth here at this instant.' It shows us how they traveled. 'Some of our company came not here till the last day of the last month for want of camels to carry our goods.'

Let us take the story of one of Sir Edward Osborne's ships, the *Jesus*, as told by Hakluyt, showing the difficulties and perils that beset these brave 'Venturers,' as they were well called. 'This voyage was set forth by the right worshipful Sir Edward Osborne, Knight, chief merchant of all the Tur-

key company, and one Master Richard Staper.' The Jesus was 'of a hundred tunnes, and builded at Framme, a river by Portsmouth.' About the 16th of October in an. 1583, she made sail from Portsmouth — about the 8th of November they were driven back to Portsmouth, 'where we renewed our victuals and other necessaries. About the 19th day of November we departed thence, and were driven by contrarie windes into Plimmouth. The 18th day we made forthward again, and were driven to Falmouth, where we remained until the first day of January.' So from October 16 to January 1 they managed to get from Portsmouth to Falmouth — seventy-six days.

Another of Osborne's ships, the Susan, left Blackwell on November 14, 'by reason of contrarie windes spent two months before we could get to Kowes in the Isle of Wight.' Leaving Falmouth on January 1 they reached Tripolis in Barbaire on the eighteenth day of March — another seventy-seven days. And there we may take up the story as written by Thomas Sanders. 'The commoditie of that place are sweet oiles: the King there is a merchant, and the rather willing to preferre himself before his commons requested our factors to traffique with him, and promised if they would take his oiles at his owne price, they should pay no manner of custome, and they tooke of him certain tunnes of oile: and afterward perceiving they might fare better cheape notwithstanding the custome free, they desired the King to licence them to take the oiles at the pleasure of his commons, for his price did exceede theirs: whereunto the King would not agree, but contented to abate his price, insomuch that the factors bought all their oyles of the King, custome free, and so laded the same aboard.'

Enough to indicate the King they had to deal with. Now began their troubles. 'There was a man in the said towne a *pledge*, one Padrone Norando, who was indebted unto a Turk of that towne in the summe of four hundred and fifty crownes for certain goodes sent by him into Christendome in a ship of his owne, and by his owne brother, and himself remained in Tripolis, a pledge until his said brother returne. After his arrivall into Christendome, as report went, he came among lewde companie, and lost his brother's ship and goods at dice, and never returned unto him again.'

The said Patrone Norando, 'being voyde of all hope,' arranges with the French factor, one Romane Sonnings, to smuggle him on board the Jesus, that he may escape. 'The shippe being readie the first of May, and having her sailes all aborde. Then went wee to warpe out the shippe, and presently the King sent a boate aborde of us, with three men in her, commanding the saide Sonnings to come a shoar: at whose comming the King demanded custome for the oyles: Sonnings answered him that his highnesse had promised to deliver him custome free. But notwithstanding the King weighed not his said promise, and as an infidell that hath not the feare of God before his eyes, caused the sayde Sonnings to pay the custome to the uttermost pennie.'

Then Sonnings departs from the King and takes in his boat this Patrone Norando. 'Nowe the Turke unto whom this Patrona Norando was indebted, presentlie went unto the King and tolde him that he thought his pledge was aboard of the English ship, whereupon the King sent a boat aboard of us commanding the said Sonnings to come a shoar, and he said that he would come presently, but as soon as they were gone, he willed us

to warpe forth the ship, and said that he would see the knaves hanged before he would go a shoare. And when the King saw that he came not a shoare, but still continued warping away the shippe he straight commanded the gunner of the bulwarke next unto us to shoote three shootes without ball.'

The crew of the Jesus, knowing nothing of the plot between the French factor and this escaping 'pledge,' ask why they are being shot, and the Frenchman tells them that the King would have the oile back again, and bids them hasten away. 'Then all the gunners in the towne doe their indeavour to sinke us,' but the Turkish gunners failing, the King sends to the prison and offers that if any there could hit the ship he should have a hundred crowns and his liberty. Forth hastens an old grizzled Spaniard, one Sebastian, 'which had been an old servitour in Flanders.' A skillful gunner, 'the first shotte he split our rudder's head in pieces, and the second shotte he strake us under water, and the third shotte he shotte us through our foremast. And so were we inforced to goe in againe.'

The master of the ship is hanged, and false Sonnings, the French factor. The other three and twenty were condemned as slaves perpetually, the ship and goods were confiscated. So, chained in fours, they are led to the dungeon. Think of what follows, as told by this simple Sanders of Tavistock in Devon. 'Then did we all falle upon our knees, giving thanks to God for this sorrowfull visitation, and giving ourselves wholly to the Almighty power of God, unto whom all secrets be knownen, that He of his goodness would vouchsafe to look upon us.'

They live on twopennyworth of bread a day. They lie on bare boards with scarcely any covering: 'wee were

also forceably and most violently shaven, head and beard.' The story goes on. 'Within three days after I and sixe of my fellowes were sent forth in a galleot to take a Greekish Carmoussell, which came into Africa to steale negroes. Wee were chained three and three to an oar, and wee rowed naked to the girdle, and the Boateswaine of the Galley walked abaft the Master, and his Mate afore the Master, and eche of them a leather thong in their handes, and when their divelish choler rose, they would strike the Christians for no cause. When we came to the place whereas wee saw the Carmoussell wee were cruelly manacled in such sort we could not put our handes the length of one foote asunder from the other, and every night they searched our chaines three times to see if they were rivetted. We continued fight with the Carmoussell three houres and then we took it and lost but two of our men in that fight. Within fifteen dayes after we returned againe into Tripolis and were put to all manner of slaverie.

'Shortly after the King's sonne came to Tripolis to visite his father, and seeing our company he greatly fancied Richard Bruges, our Purser, and James Smith: they were both young men, therefore he was very desirous to have them to turne Turkes, but they would not yield to his desire. Then his father the King sent for them, and asked them if they would turne Turkes? And they saide: If it please your highnesse Christian we were borne and so we will remaine.' The King's son carries away the aforesaid young man Richard Bruges and James Smith. 'And the King's sonne demanded of them againe if they would turn Turke. Then answered Richard Bruges, "A Christian I am, and so will I remaine." Then the King's sonne very angrily said unto them, "By

Mahomet, thou shalt presentlie be made a Turke." Then called he for his men, and commanded them to make him Turke, and they did so, and circumcised him and would have him speake the words that thereunto belonged, but he answered them that he would not: and although they had put upon him the habite of a Turke, yet saythe he, "A Christian I was borne, and so I will remaine, though you force me to do otherwise." Then he called for James Smith and commanded him to be made Turke perforce also; but he was very strong, for it was so much as eight of the men to holde him, so in the ende they circumcised him and made him Turke.'

'Now to passe over a little,' he writes, 'and to shewe the manner of our deliverance out of that miserable captivitie. Shortly after our apprehension I wrote a letter into England unto my father dwelling in Tavistoke, in Devonshire, signifying unto him the whole estate of our calamities.' Then the father goes with the letter to the Earl of Bedford, 'who in short space acquainted her highness, and her Majestie like a most mercifull princesse tendering her subjects,'—(a comely word, that *tendering*) 'presentlie tooke order for our deliverance.' Sir Edward Osborne with all speed directs letters to the English Ambassador in Constantinople. So arrives a Commission headed by one Master Edward Barton, demanding the good ship Jesus with cargo and crews with restitution. "Then the King sent forthwith for all the English captors to be brought before him and willed the keeper to strike off all their irons. So he delivered us all that were there, being thirteen in number, to Master Barton, who required also those two young men which the King's son had taken with him. And because I had the Italian and Spanish tongues by

which there most traffique in that country is, Master Barton made me his cater to buy his victuals for him and his company and delivered the money needful for the same. Thus were we set at libertie, the twenty-eighth day of April, 1585.' Thus he finishes his record, this simple and godly Sanders of Tavistock in Devon. 'So we came home and our said Purser Richard Bruges and his fellow (James Smith) came home also, for the which we are bound to praise Almighty God during our lives, and as dutie bindeth us to pray for the preservation of our most gracious Queene for the great care her Majestie had over us her poore subjects, in seeking and procuring of our deliverance aforesaid.'

In 1577 we find certain seamen of Sir Edward Osborne together with others had been thrown into Spanish dungeons, and their ships confiscated for no other reason than that they were Protestants. Sir John Smith, 'an accomplished Spanish scholar,' says Froude, is sent to Madrid to set the matter right. The Spanish Council held that the Inquisition was a tribunal over which the King himself had no regular authority. The Archbishop of Toledo was next to the King in Council and superior to the King in the power of the Holy Office. He was a person before whom princes stood with hated breath, and meaner citizens kneeled as he passed along the streets. He had refused for years before to deliver the message of the Council to Cobham *lest he should defile himself by speaking to an excommunicated Englishman*. An interview with the Archbishop was refused, but Sir John was not to be so lightly set aside.

It was after supper. The Archbishop was in his private room with his attendant priests, when Sir John, waiting for no introduction, brushed past the porter, ascended the stairs,

and forced himself into the sacred presence. Sir John told him that he had been treated with scant courtesy. 'I am the minister of a great Queen,' he declared, 'and am entitled to be received and heard when I have anything to communicate.' So he told of broken promises and of the ill use of English seamen who had committed no offense. He must demand the immediate release of those in the Inquisition's hands, with compensation for the injuries they had sustained.

The Archbishop was dumb with amazement at such audacity. At last finding his voice he cried, 'Dog, but for certain respects I would so chastise you for your words as to make you an example to all.' 'Dog,' cried Sir John, 'I tell you that I neither care for you nor your threats.' 'Be gone,' cried the angry Archbishop. 'If you call me dog,' said Sir John, 'I will call you dog, I will complain to his Majesty of this.' 'Complain to whom you will. Be off with you.' 'Be off yourself,' retorted Sir John, moving toward the door, the angry taunts flying at each other as Sir John went down the stairs and the Archbishop stood at the head of the staircase.

The end of it was that the seamen at Seville were released, their property restored, and good Sir Edward Osborne welcomed them home.

[To-day]

THE PERSONALITY OF MR. JAMES STEPHENS

BY EUGENE MASON

It is remarkable how many of our most distinguished men of letters to-day derive from Ireland. It suffices to enumerate Mr. Shaw, Mr. Yeats, and Mr. Moore in their several spheres, and these, of course, do not exhaust the tale. These authors, fortunately, do

not possess a working knowledge of Gaelic, and to the delight of the Saxon are constrained to write for his delectation in English. A succeeding generation seems likely to continue this laudable practice, for Mr. James Stephens, the most gifted of the younger Irish writers, publishes his admirable narratives and lyrics in the same tongue. Indeed, it is a very excellent vehicle of expression. He praises the Gaelic in the most shining phrases, assuring his readers that saints have proclaimed it the very speech of Heaven. One may cherish the hope of acquiring the language later, but meanwhile it is good on earth to enjoy Mr. Stephens in our native tongue.

Remembering Mr. Stephens's recent booklet of verse entitled *Green Branches*, a foreign admirer of his talent may modestly express a trust that the poet will not decline into politics or dwindle to the Sinn Féin. A cause may be of more importance than a man, but the wells of poetry do not always make an oasis in the desert of politics — the springs themselves sometimes disappear and are lost beneath the sands.

In a volume of Mr. George Moore's trilogy of calculated indiscretions, *Hail and Farewell*, there is a page of much interest devoted to Mr. Stephens. It tells how Mr. George Russell was attracted by poems appearing week by week in the columns of *Sinn Féin* under the signature of James Stephens. He discovered the poet to be a typist and shorthand clerk in a solicitor's office in Dublin. Singing birds are frequently discovered on strange perches, but more usually, for some obscure reason, they are caged in the various departments of the Civil Service. Mr. Russell did not know how Mr. Stephens had picked up his education and obtained employment in a lawyer's office, but he strove to interest his

literary friends by telling them stories from the life of the new poet. He assured them that Mr. Stephens was a truer vagrant than Synge had ever been, that a poor boy, without education or a penny, he had wandered all over Ireland, and would have lost his life in Belfast from hunger had it not been for a charitable applewoman. And with a quite uncanny prescience A. E. delighted in the thought of the material the poet would have to draw upon later, when he turned from verse to prose, for, as he observed, 'James Stephens has enough poetry in him to be a great prose writer.'

It was not necessary for us to be told explicitly that Mr. Stephens is an Irishman. The fact is implicit in every line of his writings. That confusion in the use of 'shall' and 'will,' which is the shibboleth of his tribe, betrays him. His picaresque romances are occupied with the country about which he wandered in youth, and with the tinkers, peddlers, tramps, trickmen, and musickers he chanced on in his travels. He loves to dream of the Hosting of the Shee, and is more concerned with leprechauns, Angus Og, the god of Beauty, Dana, the mother of gods, and with the Irish mythology generally, than with Mary and the Saints. Indeed, it is curious how few of the more prominent authors of Ireland are Catholics. Mr. Stephens himself is to be counted among the moderns rather than with the mediævalists. By the word 'moderns' I do not mean to imply that Mr. Stephens is an experimentalist so far as the form of his writings is in question. His muse largely follows the beaten track, and is not rash in experiment. To use some suggestive words of his own, 'a thought is a real thing, and words are only its raiment, but a thought is as shy as a virgin; unless it is fittingly appareled we may not look on its shadowy naked-

ness; it will fly from us and only return again in the darkness crying in a thin, childish voice which we may not comprehend, until with aching minds, listening and divining, we at last fashion for it those symbols which are its protection and its banner.'

The raiment of needlework Mr. Stephens fashions for his maidens is undeniably exquisite, and I count him a modern by reason of his attitude and thought rather than because of his method of expression. He is modern in his insistence on individuality, and the right of the individual to live his or her own life. Modern in his refusal to accept anything on hearsay, 'as our fathers have told us.' And he is modern, too, in his shrinking from dogma, and in the light-hearted manner in which he will cheerfully advance the most debatable of propositions.

Good and bad, and right and wrong,
Waive the silly words away.

The sentiment may be praiseworthy or blameworthy, but at least its coiner cannot be reckoned a mediævalist.

Of Mr. Stephens's various volumes of prose the most considerable, undoubtedly, are *The Crock of Gold* and *The Demi-Gods*. Which of these two witty and whimsical romances is the more delightful must depend upon a personal preference. As Mr. Stephens's own heroine remarked of her two lovers, 'I can't make up my mind which of the men I'll take, for I like one as well as the other and better, and I'd as soon have one as the other and rather.' Since space is limited, and a hard choice necessary, I elect here to speak of *The Demi-Gods* — and at once regret my selection.

The Demi-Gods is concerned with a very ancient theme, a theme as old as Genesis, the dealings of the sons of God with the daughters of men. It is a subject very dear to poet and legend.

Do you recall, for instance, the story of Tsilla, whose hair, among that of women, was the first gold? Once upon a time, when the sons of God beheld that the daughters of men were fair, Tsilla — her pitcher upon her shoulder — went to draw water from the village well. By chance Phaëlim, the son of God, passed that way on an errand for his Master, and was amazed at the girl's beauty, for her eyes were like stars, and her hair darker and heavier than night. He held out to her the lily he carried in his hand, and Tsilla flushed at the gift like any blush-rose. Evening after evening the lovers met by the well beneath the palm trees, while Phaëlim told of his journeyings for his Master among the far-off stars. Then Tsilla cried, 'O Phaëlim, let me gaze closer on those stars which you have said so often are less shining than my eyes.' So, wrapped within her lover's wing, Tsilla drew near to the wheeling planets, and heard the music of the spheres. Then growing bolder yet, Tsilla whispered, 'O Phaëlim, grant me to approach even to the sun.' So the angel pursued his course till he came to the very sun, and about the lovers poured that awful cataract of unendurable light. It was yet dark when Tsilla returned to her home, but as she passed through the village street it seemed to the sleepers like the first glimmering of dawn. For the source of light had changed her dark locks to his own color, and first among the daughters of Eve went Tsilla, beautiful, with hair of streaming gold.

In its essentials the story of Tsilla is the theme of *The Demi-Gods*, only Tsilla's name has become Mary, the wells and palm trees of Palestine have turned to the roads and bypaths of Ireland, and the lovers journey not alone, but in the company of those tinkers and tramps whose acquaintance was made by Mr. Stephens in his

early wanderings. Modern fiction, indeed, has been much occupied with this subject. Mr. Wells's *Wonderful Visit* dealt with similar material, but Mr. Wells and his angel are somewhat too concerned with the tidying up of a world which offends their fastidious sense of decorum. M. Anatole France fashioned his *Révolte des Anges* from the same motive. It is inevitable, however, that when a story is charged with so heavy a load of moral dynamite, attention is attracted from the vehicle to its contents. Mr. Stephens's story remains more artistically complete in its self-imposed limits, and since it is treated with a simplicity beyond praise, with an almost lyrical sense of narrative, it may be weighed in the balances against the work of these two famous novelists who have dealt with the self-same theme, and will not be found wanting.

Mr. Stephens's poetry has been the occasion of sharp division between excellent connoisseurs of verse. The truth seems to be that while his most successful poems are easily among the most delightful of our day, his flight is not sustained always on a level wing. If Mr. Stephens could have remained at the height of *The River*, one of the most delectable chapbooks published at the Sign of Flying Fame, his reputation would be even greater than it actually is. The gift of narrative, which is so noticeable a feature of his prose, is not equally under his control in verse, for he is essentially a lyric poet. Mr. Stephens's lyrics are remarkable for their inspiration and rhetoric. His is no pedestrian muse, with tame feet, but rather she is fledged with wings. It is strange that the verse of so fervid an Irishman should draw so little from his country's wells. We do not think of Mr. Yeats as we read, but rather of Browning and Swinburne, whose metres are reproduced. Stevenson's

Child's Garden of Verses is laid under contribution, and John Davidson's *Thirty Bob a Week* is not forgotten. Perhaps community in trouble made both poets feel the force of the Prophet Haggai's observation, 'He that earneth wages, earneth wages to put it into a bag with holes.'

The most recent of Mr. Stephens's volumes of verse contains a foreword by his publishers that the book consists of three poems which form an inseparable whole, and are his poetic tribute to Ireland. The first is full of regret that he has sung no national theme worthily. The second was written after the rebellion of Easter week. The third is a short, buoyant, and fearless expression of hope for the future. I emphasize again my sincere wish that an exquisite poet and novelist may not be swallowed up quick by the shifting sands of politics.

[*The Saturday Review*]

SOME REMARKABLE LIES

Is an artist, whether poet, painter, historian, or dramatist, justified in departing from the truth of fact for the sake of effect? Does the ascertained falsity of a play, a picture, or a poem, interfere with our enjoyment? There are a great many lies in literature about well-known persons and events, some harmful and some beneficial, all devised for the sake of effect: and the question is whether we should let them lie where they are; or whether for the sake of truth we should expel or expose them. Is there a literary as distinct from a literal truth?

Two of the most famous lies relate to the last hours of Nelson. Everyone knows that the real signal at Trafalgar which he ordered was, 'Nelson expects every man to do his duty.' The other lie is about the coat he wore on his quarter-deck. He is reported to have

silenced the affectionate importunity of his officers, entreating him to conceal the stars on his breast, by saying, 'In honor I gained them, and in honor I will die with them.' This is the Great Style, but it is untrue. Dr. Arnold heard the facts from Sir Thomas Hardy. Nelson wore on the day of battle the same coat which he had worn for weeks, having the Order of the Bath embroidered upon it; and when his friend expressed some apprehension of the badge, he answered that he was aware of the danger, but that it was 'too late then to shift his coat.' The fabricated saying is magnificent: why destroy it?

A painter's lie is Copley's celebrated picture of the Death of the Earl of Chatham, which hangs in the gallery of the House of Lords. This picture represents Lord Chatham in the old chamber of the Lords, fallen back in the arms of two persons, with a startled and anxious crowd of peers in the background. As the subscribed legend is, the Death of the Earl of Chatham, the spectator is given to understand that Chatham died in the House of Lords, a dramatic event. The truth, of course, is that Lord Chatham had a fainting fit in the middle of his last speech: that he was carried out by his son and son-in-law, and taken to his house in Kent, where he died some three weeks later. The prosaic truth would have destroyed Copley's picture.

There is an excellent myth about Chatham's famous son. During Pitt's last government, in 1805, the Whigs moved a resolution for the impeachment of Lord Melville (Dundas), the Premier's most intimate friend, for malversation of naval moneys. The tellers announcing two hundred and sixteen Ayes and two hundred and sixteen Noes, Speaker Abbot (afterwards Lord Colchester) turned deadly pale, and after sitting for some minutes in

silence gave his casting vote in favor of impeachment. Lord Fitzharris (afterwards Malmesbury) is responsible for the story that Pitt jammed his little cocked hat deeply over his forehead, and shed tears. 'We had overheard one or two, such as Colonel Wardle (of notorious memory), say they would see 'how Billy Pitt looked after it.' A few young ardent followers of Pitt, with myself, locked their arms together and formed a circle, in which he moved, I believe unconsciously, out of the House, and neither the Colonel nor his friends could approach him. Thus Fitzharris, who was sitting on the Treasury bench. Then there appears a confounded precisian, a barrister, Mr. Lovat Fraser, who proves by the journals that Pitt never left the House at all; that he was on his legs moving an amendment when strangers entered after the division; that he spoke three times on his amendment; and that Colonel Wardle was not elected to Parliament until two years later. What should be done to these story spoilers? Or to the imaginative Fitzharris?

The most closely packed lie in all literature is Pope's celebrated description of the death of George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham.

In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half hung,

The floors of plaster and the walls of dung,
On once a flock-bed, but repaired with straw,
With tape-tied curtains never meant to draw,
The George and Garter dangling from that bed,
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
Great Villiers lies!
There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
And vain, the lord of useless thousands ends.

The moral intended is plain; but there is hardly a line that is not a lie. The second Duke of Buckingham married the daughter of Lord Fairfax, a great heiress. Although he had been personally extravagant, it is computed,

on the authority of the 'Fairfax Papers,' that at the time of his death his income was about £60,000, which made him the richest man in England, probably in Europe. He had a fall when hunting in Yorkshire, near Marston Moor. It is not known whether the fall caused a vital injury, or whether by sitting on the ground after his tumble the Duke caught cold, which to a man of his habits would probably be fatal. A duke, who hunted in his Star and Garter and who had been Lord Lieutenant of the Riding, would be accompanied by a crowd of retainers, grooms, whips, and footmen, to say nothing of his friends in the hunt.

He was carried to the nearest house, which happened to be an inn on his own property, and died in three days. Pope's description would not suit a Yorkshire inn even in the time of James II; and why the ducal landlord should be given 'the worst room' in his own house is a puzzle. Pope was born in the year the Duke died; so that he must have known the facts. But he wanted to draw a striking picture of an extravagant nobleman's end as a pauper in a hovel, which he could do with impunity, as the Duke left no successor. As a piece of savage satire there is nothing to beat it in Juvenal.

Macaulay, Carlyle, and Froude are classed as picturesque historians, and meticulous critics assert that they never hesitated to slur or twist a detail for the sake of effect. Horace Walpole whitewashed Richard III, and declared that Shakespeare had caricatured him. Mr. H. B. Irving tried hard to whitewash Judge Jeffreys, and to prove that Macaulay's portrait was unfair. But when the revolution came, Jeffreys was obliged to hide himself disguised as a sailor in a Wapping public house, and when recognized, had to be rescued from the mob,

who wanted to kill him. This scene we have on the authority of the Norths, and it confirms Macaulay's judgment, for English mobs are not angry with severe judges, if they are just. And what are we to say to Froude's picture of Elizabeth? Froude tells us that Elizabeth was a liar, a murderess, a miser, only wanting courage to be a harlot, who left the sailors of her fleet, when the Armada was in the channel, without clothes and without pay, and gave them colic by forcing them to drink the sour beer of a Dartford brewery in which she was a shareholder! The historian selects his own material from the heap, and who

can check him, or give him the lie?

The sum of the matter seems to be this: The poet, the dramatist, and the painter are chartered libertines. They have their license to suppress, or distort, or invent details, within limits, for the sake of effect; within limits, because, if the falsehood is too glaring, the effect is spoiled. From the historian, who professes to recite facts, we expect much greater accuracy of detail: though remembering the worthlessness of most human testimony, verbal or written, we must not forbid him to use his own judgment, if only he will give us the opportunity of using ours.

[*The Times Literary Supplement*]

THE REAL LORD KITCHENER

LORD KITCHENER'S biographer* tells us in the chapter on the ill-fated visit to Russia that his name was better known in the trenches on the Dvina and in the Ukraine than that of Joffre, and that more people talked of him in the workshops of Putiloff than had ever heard of Elswick or Essen. What is sometimes called the Kitchener legend ran in countries which had seen him as in those which had not; France herself, most critical of nations, was not untouched by it, and could hardly conceal her disappointment when Lord French was appointed the first British Commander-in-Chief on the Western front. Even now, although Lord Kitchener died before the battle of the Somme began, one would be inclined to say that next to Lenin and the Kaiser, his is the widest known

name in the war. It is not that he had critics, just and unjust. His two big battles — Omdurman and Paardeberg — were severely attacked at the time as examples of bad tactics. As an administrator he had the genius of hard work, but no one has ever credited him with that rarer gift in an organizer of getting so much of their best out of others that he himself could be dispensed with; his influence at the War Office was purely personal, and he founded no school of administrators to carry on his ideas. Of party politics he was ignorant; he had no gift of speech, and used sometimes to baffle counsel by his silence; no single big idea is associated with his name. And yet, in spite of all these limitations, the world persists in regarding him as a great man, and its instinct in these matters is nearly always right. Where did his greatness lie?

* *Life of Lord Kitchener*. By Sir George Arthur. Three volumes. Macmillan, £2 12s. 6d. net.

Here, with its element of mystery, is a great theme for a master biography. Sir George Arthur's three volumes are not that. He is an easy writer with a simple, unaffected style, who for the most part contents himself with a plain narrative of concrete facts. He has, too, something of the reserve of his subject, and when one gets to the difficult and contentious passages in the life, he is apt to become general and elusive, a bad fault in a biographer. Many people, again, will be inclined to think that the arrangement is disproportionate which gives two volumes to the Eastern and South African periods, and only one to the earth-shaking events of the last two years of his life. But Sir George Arthur has the great virtue of honesty with his subject. He refuses to put him on a pedestal appropriate to a Cæsar or even to a Von Roon; and in an excellent chapter toward the end of the book he is obviously perplexed to explain his domination over millions by any single element in his character or event in his career. But he finds that Lord Kitchener was above all a mathematician:

For this man nothing was too small, nothing too distant, nothing too large. He was never so engrossed in the task of the moment — when his faculties might seem to be stretched to the task of its accomplishment — that he could not see things on the far horizon. Some men take no thought of the morrow; others think of it to the detriment of the work of to-day; others, again, while seeing the foreground and middle distance in fair detail, have but a blurred vision of things near the sky line. He saw all, not as in a picture with the illusions of perspective, but as in a plan where dimensions and distances figure as they are and not as they seem.

This passage comes as near to a single explanation of his greatness as one is likely to get. One must add an almost monastic preoccupation with his work, a singularly pure and noble nature, and the loftiest standards of public

duty. But the intellectual quality that distinguished him from his fellows and gave him his power over them was the species of second sight which enabled him to see things away from their perspective — as in an architect's plan. It is the very antithesis of the politician's gift, to whom the perspective may be more important than the real dimensions. This perspectiveless realism it was that put him among the Olympians.

Kitchener, though born in Ireland, came of English stock — East Anglian on his mother's side with slight French admixture — and it was the wish of his father, Colonel Kitchener, that he should join the cavalry. Happily, he did not, for the distinctive quality of his mind would have been submerged there. At Woolwich he gave no promise of future distinction, and most of the stories current about his service with the French army in the war with Prussia are fiction. He served with Chanzy's army, but never got further than Laval, and the disastrous retreat from Le Mans was over by the time he joined the French. But if he saw little fighting with the French, he certainly suffered in their cause, for a pneumonia that he got while ballooning nearly killed him. He was rather delicate as a young man, and it was at one time feared that he would not be strong enough for a soldier. But the decisive fact in his early life was his friendship with Conder, of the Palestine Exploration Fund; for when a vacancy occurred on the survey party's staff Conder suggested Kitchener to fill it; and thus began his connection with the East and a training far more valuable for his future than he could have got at Aldershot.

Ordinary regimental work he never liked, and his whole interest was in the technical side of military science. In Palestine he surveyed, made maps,

saved Colonel Conder's life twice, and (more important still) learned that lore of the East which made him so invaluable as an Intelligence Officer in Egypt. One can think of no soldier before Kitchener attaining to the first rank by avenues like these. He was, in fact, never a mere soldier in the narrow sense. He was rather a strategist, if we understand by strategy that difficult borderland between politics and the conduct of military operations. As a tactician, he was frequently at fault, and both Omdurman and Paardeberg deserved many of the strictures passed upon them. One can search Kitchener's campaigns through without discovering signs of the higher genius of command in the field; and Sir George Arthur's defense of the tactics at Paardeberg leaves one quite unconvinced, for there is very little evidence that the battle achieved anything that could not have been achieved by a bombardment, with the infantry and mounted troops sitting still and waiting. Cronje had already been surrounded when the battle opened, and there can be no real defense of converging fire tactics in which the attackers on north and south banks of a river fire into each other and over the heads of the enemy.

Far better was Lord Kitchener's work in the last two years of the South African War. His blockhouse system was the only way in which the war, left by Lord Roberts in an exceedingly critical condition, could have been won; and his methods remind one of those by which Lazare Hoche won the war in La Vendée. The much-criticized concentration camps were in their intention humane; and if they brought hardship and suffering, the fault was with Lord Roberts for thinking that the occupation of the capitals would end the war and for scattering a small army over a country nearly as

big as France, Germany, and Italy together. On the other hand, both in the Sudan in the affair with Marchand and in the negotiations with the Boers, Kitchener showed himself a diplomat of real ability. Throughout his life he made remarkably few mistakes in handling men; and the idea of him, very prevalent at one time, as a soulless war machine was ridiculously far from the truth.

Sir George Arthur gives an interesting account of Lord Kitchener's work in India and of his great controversy with Lord Curzon. But Lord Kitchener, though many of his Indian army reforms were extremely valuable, never seems to have been quite at home; and though without Lord Kitchener's work India could not have done so much in the war, there are immense arrears of army reform still to be overtaken there. More characteristic in many ways of Lord Kitchener was his Memorandum on the Defense of Australia, made at the request of the Commonwealth Government after a visit to the country. The statesmanship that Kitchener then showed made many wish that the British War Office could have him at its head. His zeal for economy, — he was one of the few soldiers who have had a genuine taste for finance, — his independence of social influences, his moderation and clearness of vision, would have been invaluable at home. Instead Lord Kitchener went as Agent-General once more to Egypt.

Sir George Arthur's third volume covers Lord Kitchener's part in the Great War. His object has evidently been to avoid the embitterment of controversy, or controversy at all, except in so far as it may be necessary to explain Lord Kitchener's views and policy on the war and to vindicate him against criticism. To Lord French the references are very friendly; and indeed the intervention of Lord Kitchener

during the retreat from Mons, of which Lord French makes so much in his book, seems to have made surprisingly little difference in the pleasantness of their correspondence. It is clear that so far as the two soldiers were concerned there never was anything like a real quarrel, and that, if Lord French's book makes it appear that there had been, it was because Lord French imagined himself to be answering charges never brought against him except perhaps in political gossip.

Lord Kitchener told the House of Commons, in the speech (now produced in full for the first time) made in secret session just before his departure for Russia, that the theory of the war worked out by the General Staff was that all we should need to do was to dispatch six divisions and keep it up to strength from the Special Reserve. This idea underlay the instructions that Lord French took out with him to spare his men; and of course, if there was to be any limiting of our liability, it followed that we must be independent of the French and not be dragged down in their retreats. The popular view in the first month of the war that the French army had 'let us down' was also the view of Lord French; and in consequence he proposed to extricate his army, reorganize, and start afresh — perhaps in Belgium. It was a perfectly rational plan. But Lord Kitchener very early made up his mind that there could be no limited liability, that separation from the French armies would be fatal, and that, for better or worse, the British and French must fight side by side.

That was the principle — and a vital one — that Lord Kitchener went over to France to enforce; and the difference between them was between two opposing military views — the Continental view and the traditional

insular view of our right military policy — and did not, as Mr. Asquith seemed to think, imply any sort of censure of Lord French's capacity or resolution. 'If I have time to refit the force in a proper manner when the reinforcements arrive,' Lord French telegraphed on August 31, 'it will be a self-contained and efficient army, capable of acting with telling effect.' No one can read the last words without suspecting that what Lord French had in mind was to anticipate the movement into Flanders that took place after the Aisne; and that apparently was Lord Kitchener's view.

This telegram only reiterated the reasons for that independent movement which Kitchener dreaded. He quickly made up his mind. He must cross the Channel immediately and discuss the position orally with the Commander-in-Chief. . . . It was then 1 o'clock in the morning of September 1. Half an hour later Sir Edward Grey was startled from sleep by Kitchener's walking into his bedroom and telling him that after consulting the Prime Minister he had ordered a destroyer to be ready within three hours to take him to Le Havre.

That Lord Kitchener should have taken this line against Lord French's proposed policy was the more remarkable because he foresaw, as the other members of the government at that time certainly did not, 'that the war would be a long one and that we could not take part in a Continental war without developing an army on a Continental scale. As he told the House of Commons, it was clean against Continental opinion to suppose that armies could be created in war time. 'I felt myself that though there might be some justice in this view, I had to take the risk and embark on what may be regarded as a gigantic experiment.' It will be to his enduring honor that he had the perspicacity to see this great truth before anyone else, and the courage to face it. The criticisms made on his methods of

raising the armies — as, for example, that he ought to have made more use of the country associations in the Territorial organization — are trivial by comparison with this tremendous service.

Not only did Lord Kitchener see that a Continental war could not be made on a limited liability system, but he seems to have taken a more accurate measure of the German strategy than either our own or the French General Staff at the beginning of the war. He was early convinced that the Germans were not only putting more men into Belgium than the French thought, but that their enveloping movement would be carried much farther to the west. That was why he thought of Amiens as the point of concentration, instead of farther north. He seems to have expected that the weight of attack would fall on the British on the left, and to have been under no illusion about the chances that the French offensive into Lorraine would succeed in its object. That being so, it is the more remarkable that he should have grasped from the outset the great principle that success or failure depended on our close coöperation with the French armies.

Lord Kitchener is sometimes accused of having been too favorable to the Dardanelles Expedition, and by others of having spoiled its chances of success by his slowness to supply the necessary troops. An example of the first accusation is Lord French's bitter complaint that just after Festubert (lost, as he maintained, through lack of shells) he was asked to send some twenty thousand rounds eighteen-pounder ammunition to Marseilles *en route* for the Dardanelles. Sir George Arthur explains that this request was made only to save time, because to send the ammunition all the way by sea would have taken too long, and

that the supplies thus sent from France were intended to be replaced immediately and were in fact replaced in twenty-four hours. Kitchener, in spite of his keen appreciation of the immense importance of the Eastern front, and in particular of giving Russia the benefit of our sea power, was very reluctant to begin a second great campaign in addition to that in France; and he never would have begun if he had not allowed himself to be persuaded that the navy alone could force the Straits.

The failure of the navy compelled him to a military effort, less because he hoped — like some of his colleagues — thus to win the war, than because it was the only way to secure our position in the East and safety in the East was a main plank of his military policy. If any error of judgment can arguably be attributed to him, it was that he accepted the view of the First Lord of the Admiralty as to the power and effect of naval ordnance. But even if reliance on the navy to force the Straits is to be accounted an initial miscalculation, every subsequent step was consequentially right and had to be taken.

Throughout the Dardanelles military operations Lord Kitchener was embarrassed by his belief that the Germans would make another great attempt to break our lines in the West in 1915 (in fact after the gas attack all danger of that was over for the year), and by his anxiety to strengthen our army in France. It seems clear that he never believed in the chances of the Allied offensives in 1915, and thought the hopes of them extravagant. He would have been wiser to exert his influence against them; but, if he acquiesced, it was probably because as things were, he recognized that the French were the predominant partner then and had a right to the last word in the direction of our strategy in France. Joffre was, like French, oversanguine in 1915, and prematurely wasted his strength. But the French could not bring themselves to accept

the idea of a long war, and Lord Kitchener may have felt a natural delicacy in pressing his views.

Sir George Arthur is fuller on the campaign in Gallipoli than on the campaign in France, and his narrative is enlivened by some singularly graphic letters from Sir William Birdwood. It appears that while he was in the East, and after he had decided, very reluctantly, to recommend the evacuation of Gallipoli, Lord Kitchener revived the project of a landing at Ayas in the Gulf of Alexandretta. To this end he proposed to withdraw two first-class divisions from France. His project (telegraphed from the East) was opposed by the General Staff, who objected that it would take one hundred and sixty thousand men to hold the perimeter of the positions that Kitchener proposed to occupy, and that Egypt could best be defended on the line of the Canal. To this last proposition Kitchener took almost violent objection.

McMahon, Maxwell, and myself must be admitted to know the difficulties of defense in Egypt, and we are unanimously of opinion that your plan for carrying this out on the Canal is doomed to failure, while involving much greater commitments in men than the plan we advocate. . . . Reliance on the defense of Egypt in Egypt foreshadows, in our opinion, a withdrawal from it and the Sudan within a measurable time, with results so far-reaching both for ourselves and France as possibly to allow the Germans to attain their object and thus jeopardize the campaign in Europe by the withdrawal of larger forces than can be afforded.

This landing in the Gulf of Alexandretta, had it been carried out, would have diverted from Mesopotamia forces which even then were on their way, would have saved the disaster of Kut, and been in substitution for the great campaigns that were afterwards developed in Palestine and Mesopotamia. On the other hand, unless we are to suppose that our occupation of

Saloniki drew off German troops that would otherwise have been sent to Asia, Lord Kitchener's fears for Egypt were clearly excessive. The suggested landing was vetoed at a conference in Paris while Kitchener was still in the East.

An elaborate reply is made by Sir George Arthur to the charges that the War Office neglected the supply of munitions, and, in particular, of high explosive shells, and is illustrated by a great number of statistics. The real answer, however, is not in these figures, but in Kitchener's belief that for defense and against troops in the open, at any rate, shrapnel was more valuable than high explosive. On October 19 the War Office was asked to supply 50 per cent high explosive and 50 per cent shrapnel shells, but a week later headquarters in France asked that the proportion of high explosive should be dropped to 25 per cent and a fortnight later confirmed this diminution. It was not until the end of the year that headquarters made up their mind that 50 per cent of high explosives was what they really required. The Army Council had then to consider whether machinery then producing shrapnel should be diverted to high explosive. No high explosive shell could be produced on this machinery for ten weeks; and it followed that 'during that period the supply of absolutely necessary field-gun ammunition would be seriously jeopardized, and this at the moment when the Commander-in-Chief in the field was pressing for every round.' The reply of the War Office contained the following passage:

The Council would point out that although in the present operations in trenches the employment of a great number of H.E. shells may be found necessary for the field-guns, they cannot help thinking that the nature of the operations may again alter, as they have done in the past, when the shrapnel shell will be found more effective on the enemy, and therefore, though

doing all in their power to increase the number of H.E. shells, they hesitate to make any sudden change which would interrupt the present output, but at the same time they will gradually work up to the increased percentage asked for.

That passage and the statement made later that it was not until October that a single component of ammunition worth speaking of was delivered from Ministry of Munition factories or orders and not until April, 1916, that the first complete round made and filled under the orders and arrangements of the Ministry, was delivered to the army authorities, contain the gist of Kitchener's case. It does not, happily, appear to be a part of that case to deny that the shells agitation did very great service, and that without it the country would never have realized the situation.

General service Kitchener persistently treated not as a fixed policy nor as a principle but 'as meeting a simple military requirement of the hour.' He had always intended to ask for compulsion if and when the necessity arose; and apparently about the middle of 1915 (Sir George Arthur is a little weak in his dates) he obtained from Mr. Henderson a promise that 'the Labor party should not corporately oppose any legislative measure which the War Minister should pronounce indispensable to secure victory.' With this promise in hand Kitchener disliked the agitation for conscription, not on principle, but on tactical grounds; because it made into a political issue what he had hoped to recommend as an absolutely necessary measure of public safety. Kitchener, however, was not a judge of tactics. If the resort to conscription was likely, he did not need to wait until stark necessity was on us; the sooner the issue was faced the better and fairer to all interests, public and private.

Sir George Arthur sheds no further

light on the matter of Kitchener's death, and the one sentence given to us is quite remarkably cryptic. He writes:

By an unhappy error of judgment an unswept channel was chosen for the passage of the cruiser; and Kitchener — the secret of whose journey had been betrayed — was to fall into the machinations of England's enemies and to die swiftly at their hands.

The sentence suggests at least three explanations of his death and leaves the reader to decide between them. That, however, must not be taken as a typical sentence. Sir George Arthur is often loose, but there is rarely any doubt as to his meaning, and every now and then he achieves a simple eloquence.

[*The Irish Statesman*]

CAIT OF THE SEA

BY FAND O'GRADY

CAIT is a strange little woman. She is beautiful with the beauty that a bard would write about and he telling of Eire the Queen. Her hair has the blackness of the raven; her cheeks are pale like the rocks when the light of the moon is on them; her eyes have the color of the sea out there where it meets the sky, and if you were to find some of the little red berries that grow in the crevices of the rocks they would put you in mind of the glow on her lips. Graceful she is in her moving as the waves sweeping in on the sands when the sea is at peace. But sad is her beauty and cold. There's no gladness of life in her face and no throb of warmth in her heart. Her mind is like as if it were dead or wandering far away.

She lives by herself in the small white house in the shadow of the chapel and she never talks to anyone. The people say that at midnight always

there is noise of feasting and merriment at Cait's, and the fishermen go a long distance out of their way to avoid passing the house when they are late going down to the boats. The children are afraid to go near the place even in daylight, because one day she ran out to a group of them and asked them a question. When they answered in a way they thought would please her she pelted them with big stones and made sounds like one in a frenzy. Ruaidhri has to pass her door often, and he says that whenever he looks in he sees Cait sitting by the fire and she without a move, but staring into the ashes as if she saw writing in them. She's a queer, lonely woman, and looks weak in body and mind, but there is awe on the people before her and great is their anxiety for her.

She does n't belong to the island. There was mystery in the way of her coming. Ten years ago the fishermen brought her in with the boats the morning after a big storm. Diarmid had found her out in the sea clinging to an upturned *corrac* with the madness of terror in her eyes. He pulled her into his boat and the men tried to find out where she came from and what was she doing out on the sea on a night like that. But she only made one answer and that she said over and over again: 'It is not for me you 'll be going! It is not for me you 'll be going!' Her Irish was not their Irish. 'T was more like the speech of the mainland people. Brian thought 't was from Clare she came, but Diarmid had it fixed in his mind that she was n't of this world at all. Nobody but a fairy woman could face the waves in a *corrac* by herself and the storm raging with all the fury of Manannan when he would be wanting a victim. She was a traveler from the Sea-God, sent by him to put a test on the fishermen, and they'd have to take her to the island and keep her in

comfort or bad luck and death would follow. 'T was all very well for Brian to be mocking, but he was only a young man and had n't seen the things the old people saw or did n't know the things they knew. A young woman cast up on the waters and she beautiful and talking strangely was ever a sign from yonder. A natural woman could n't live the fourth of an hour buried up to her neck in water that it would freeze a man to touch. They'd better hurry in to the *slip* and call out the women to take care of her.

They pulled in to the shore as quickly as they could and Diarmid ran for Sighle and Maire to come and take charge of the stranger. In a short time he came back with the pair of them, and the three carried her up to Diarmid's house. Sighle took off the wet clothes and dressed her in clothes of her own. They laid her on the bed, and Maire tried to bring warmth to her body with rubbing, while Diarmid got ready the milk and a taste of *poitín*. At the end of a little time she was able to sit up and come to the fire, but never a word did she say only 'Is it for me you 'll be going?' When they answered her 'Yes' she got frightened and cried out in terror. So they made up their minds to say 'No' after that, and then she got easier.

The next day Diarmid spoke to the men and said that they'd better come and help him build a home for the fairy woman. Every man that wanted luck would have to give a hand at the work, for Manannan was looking for some of them and he'd take those who did n't carry out the *geasa* that he had laid upon them. For the space of two weeks no man went to the fishing, for everyone of them, old and young, were busy carrying the stones and building the new house for Cait *na Saile* — Diarmid had given her this as a name, for they could n't find out what name

she'd a right to, and great was her fear when they asked her a question.

At last the house was finished, and the women came with their gifts to make the place right inside. Maire Ruadh brought her spinning-wheel, for she had no time for spinning now, and she had a mind to arrange with Cait to spin the yarn for her. There would be no end of good fortune to those who would have clothes that she had a hand in the making of. Nora brought white boards and Brian made a dresser out of them. Maire *an phoist* sent to Kilronan for delph and a large pot for boiling potatoes. Brigid went round to the houses of the women who had n't much money to spare and between them they got enough to buy a good tick and some blankets.

When everything was ready the people had a great day of gladness. They accompanied Cait in a band, vying with one another to get a word of thanks or of praise from her they had spent two weeks working for. But never a word she spoke. She walked up the road as if she did n't know where she was walking, and as if she were alone in the world. And when she went into her house 't was the same thing again. She sat on the chair by the spinning-wheel with her hands crossed in front of her on her lap, and she stared out of the window with the look of dreams in her eyes. The people were uneasy in themselves and went away quickly. Of course, Diarmid knew she would act like that. The *Sidhe* women don't gabble and chatter. And, what's more, did n't Cait know well that they had built her this home and had given all they could give because they were afraid of the Sea-God? Why should she thank them, then?

And ever since she has been here and she lonely. No one in the place would think of going into her house except to bring her spinning to do or to

help her with presents of food or of turf. Brian says even now that she is n't of the fairies at all, that she's only a poor woman with her senses astray, and that there's only half-sense in the talk of Diarmid.

And maybe Brian is right. Mairtin, the priest's man, had a story that when he was over in Clare with the curate six years ago, he heard tell of a girl from the Cliffs who had gone out from her people three winters before and no one had seen her since. She was a young girl with a beauty unusual. The father was rich in land and in cattle, but had no treasure of love in his heart. The girl wanted to marry a young fisherman who had naught but his boat to make a living out of, and, when her father and people learned what was in her mind, they went against her, using cruel words about her and her lover. She was a girl with gentle ways and what they said gave her bitter hurt. Every day they grew harder, and, in the end, she left them and went out with her man in his boat, trusting her life to his keeping. From that day there came no news of him or of her, and the people in Clare think that they must both have been drowned, for the storm was great at sea the night of their going. Her people gave never a sign. She had put shame on them, and they did n't care where she had gone. That was why Mairtin did n't tell of the finding of Cait. What use to send her back to them that would have no welcome for her, and how could he go to Diarmid and tell him his fairy woman was a girl from Moher over there who had lost her heart and her mind because of her people being hard?

Mairtin is strong and he is not often afraid. But it would take the courage of six men to tell the story to Diarmid. The rage of an old man is destroying when you try to take away his beliefs.

THE ARTS AND LETTERS

THE GERMAN THEATRE

THIS year marks the centenary of Arthur Hugh Clough, and several mildly eulogistic articles have appeared in honor of his name. Reading them, one feels that literary editors have mentioned Clough out of pure politeness. Yet Clough was a personality and a poet. He was an unbeliever in a day when unbelief made one a person of note; but in these days his voice has been lost amid a chorus of negation, and he has lost his individuality and his eminence. The Clough that remains is Clough the artist. Perhaps as finished a poem as he ever wrote (all the British reviews have printed it) is the great sonnet of denial entitled 'Resurrection.'

I dreamed a dream: I dreamt that I
espied,

Upon a stone that was not rolled aside,
A Shadow sit upon a grave—a Shade,
As thin, as unsubstantial, as of old
Came, the Greek poet told,
To lick the life-blood in the trench
Ulysses made —

As pale, as thin, and said:

'I am the Resurrection of the Dead.

The night is past, the morning is at
hand,

And I must in my proper semblance
stand,

Appear brief space and vanish — listen,
this is true,

I am that Jesus whom they slew.'

THE National Portrait Gallery has been re-opened. Many of the rooms are not yet accessible, but the top floor redecorated and rehung is ready for visitors.

The new director has retained the chronological arrangement, starting with the Tudor and Stuart portraits, and finishing with the works of Reynolds and Gainsborough and the other painters of their day.

THE *Times* continues to write interestingly of the theatre in Berlin.

'On a recent occasion, when revolutionary fiends had run amuck in Berlin, and the streets and squares had resounded with bursting grenades and shrieking bullets, I stepped from a *droschke* near the Bismarck monument and saw a little group of Berliners hurrying to the theatre. The men were smoking fat cigars, and the women, their faces powdered and their hair enveloped in fine lace theatre shawls, were tittering in animated conversation. I noticed how a young girl in the party (she was shod in gold dancing slippers, and proletarians were still holding indignation meetings at the street-corners) stepped gingerly over a pool of blood, shuddered, then resumed a *tête-à-tête* talk with her monocled cavalier.

'The gold slippers and the pool of blood are together symbolical of the modern Berlin; and one may be sure that though Cabinets may totter and collapse in quick succession and every sort of party strife rage in the land interminably, the play will proceed till the heavens fall. German fact may be stranger than fiction, but even the Berlin public finds *Hamlet* murders much more realistic — thanks to the trappings, the suits of woe, and the

Reinhardt scenic effects — than an actual affray in Unter den Linden. Last month the impossible happened. It was not only that the government fled to Stuttgart. The theatres closed. Call-boys, scene-shifters, mummies, all joined in the most perfect protest strike ever known. And for a fortnight the gold slippers and the chattering groups of theatre-goers disappeared from the thoroughfares of Berlin.

‘The theatres are now in full swing again. They were hard hit by the *coup d'état*, and are likely to be still more seriously affected by the general state of unsettlement, of which the burden imposed by the new taxation laws is the first and severest outward sign. The general public, struggling enjoyably for seats and fighting good-humoredly for sandwiches in overcrowded foyers and buffets, is as yet hardly aware of the disconsolate outlook. It simply sees that places of amusement are full to overflowing wherever it goes, and that paper money in ever-increasing quantities is fluttering into the hands of laconic cashiers in theatre box-offices. And it may be partly excused for overlooking the seamy side of things, for it cannot be denied that German producers have maintained the illusion by a high standard of performance worthy of a rosier outlook.

‘The most notable production since the reopening of places of entertainment has been that of *Der weisse Heiland* (*The White Redeemer*) at the Grosses Schauspielhaus. Hauptmann’s new dramatic fantasy differs little from the historical story of the conquest of Mexico by the Spaniards under Cortez, and the pomp and reverence with which they were received by the Emperor Montezuma and his subjects. His Cortez has, indeed, little of the redeemer about him. Clever,

brutal, believing only in the force of arms and his own generalship, he is a strange blending of the Spanish hidalgo and the Prussian warrant officer — a blending which it seems particularly difficult to avoid in histrionic Germany.

‘Montezuma, as played by Alexander Moissi, is an awe-stricken, long-suffering old monarch, who believes implicitly that the Spanish conquerors, advancing town by town through the land, are the White Gods from over the seas whom the oracles had predicted for centuries; and who finally, disillusioned, a victim to his faith, dies at the hands of his own archers. The whole tragedy is sombre and mysterious. Its scenes are permeated by the spirit of Hauptmann’s best-known fantasies, and they can hardly be said to have made a wide appeal, the success of the production being due in great measure to the rich Mexican settings and the energies of Reinhardt and his players.

‘The Grosses Schauspielhaus, the big circus-theatre in the triumphs and vicissitudes of which such keen interest has been displayed since its inaugural performances of the *Oresteia* in November last, still continues to be the subject of controversy in wide circles in Berlin. With each new production — Romain Rolland’s *Danton* alone excepted — long discussions are raised both by the general public and in the press as to whether the ordinary “peep-show” stage would have been more suitable than the arena, which is admittedly a supreme test of the abilities of the actors if not always of the merits of the play. Just at present one notices more of the vicissitudes than of the triumphs. The latest *première*, that of Walter Hasenclever’s *Antigone*, is a pacifist effort written during the war, in which the playwright attempted to breathe the spirit of 1916 into the old Sophoclean

tragedy. The myth was willing, but the spirit of 1916 was weak, and the play was withdrawn after an outward successful first performance.

'Nothing daunted, Reinhardt has promised his public arena performances of a number of classical dramas, including *Julius Cæsar*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Schiller's *Räuber*, and Goethe's *Egmont*. Meantime, there have been numerous interesting revivals and adaptations in the smaller playhouses. Shakespeare, Tolstoy, Calderon, Ibsen have been represented, as well as German dramatists. *Der lebende Leichnam*, Tolstoy's stage-story of Fédor Protossoff, the ingenuous, self-exiled husband, sinking deeper and deeper in the social scale and vanishing, except for a brief final hour, in the foul atmosphere of subterranean Siberian drinking saloons, could hardly be better performed than it is at the Deutsches Theatre. Fédor, the hopeless idealist, is the part on which Moissi's claim to fame is chiefly based. It may be that that actor's well-known political tendencies predestined him for such a rôle; there is no doubt that he plays it as though inspired.

'In the same playhouse we have recently seen a lively revival of Calderon's *La dama Duenda*, with its marked beauties of Old Madrid, and its cavaliers, ever ready to love, pin their faith in their impudent valets, or die for honor's sake. Hermann Südermann's latest play, which was performed in the provinces during last winter, is now attracting large audiences in the Berlin Residenz Theatre, after having been provided with a more or less happy ending to suit the metropolitan palate. It is a perturbing picture of life on an East Prussian Junker's estate into which a young beauty, quite at home in the *Palais de Danse*, intrudes, and it represents a

crisis in the career of a father, cleverly played by Paul Wegener, who is stronger-willed and more successful than his son in his attempt to pack the girl back to the scene of her former escapades.

'All in all it is a matter for wonder that the Berlin theatrical world presents so animated an aspect and so wide a choice of entertainment. One hears a good deal about deficits, breaches of contract, and despairing managers, while it is said that something like sixty provincial theatres have closed their doors. Both the playhouses and the opera houses have undoubtedly been hard hit by recent disturbances in Germany.'

THE centenary of Herbert Spencer, (born April 27, 1820) has passed almost unnoticed, a fact that should serve as a melancholy warning to all grandiose propounders of apparent certainties. How 'certain' those books of his are — from *Social Statics or the Conditions Essential to Human Happiness Specified to From Negative Beneficence to Positive Beneficence*. All 'Sir Oracle' from beginning to end, and quite devoid of literary beauty. Yet Spencer was a great man in his time, and an age of remarkable men accepted him as its most distinguished thinker. A word from Mr. A. L. Courtney's review of Spencer's work may elucidate the mystery.

'I ask, then, once more, what has happened? Why is Herbert Spencer a "back number" for our present generation? Well, the world has rolled on, more water has passed under the bridges, fresh interests have dawned, new modes of thought, or, at all events, new tendencies, have arisen. M. Bergson has taken the best out of Herbert Spencer, and fashioned out of it no longer a dead mechanical universe, but his conception of the

Evolution Creatrice. And then the newest discoveries are dead against Herbert Spencer. Whatever else Dr. Einstein has proved or disproved, at all events he has suggested grave reasons for thinking that our ideas of space and time are strictly relative to ourselves, whereas Spencer, of course, with Evolution as his sheet-anchor for explaining the whole mystery of the universe, must believe implicitly in the reality of time — not as our mode of regarding things, but as an essential quality in things themselves. Be the causes what they may, in this centenary year, with “all his conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils, shrunk to this little measure,” Herbert Spencer holds his place, no doubt; in the history of thought, but he is dethroned from his position as the great English philosopher of the nineteenth century. That title belongs assuredly to John Stuart Mill, a figure far more pleasant to the eye, not so scientific perhaps as Spencer, but more reasonable, more cultured, more humane.’

MR. FRANK SWINNERTON has been to see *Little Women* and Miss Peggy O’Neil in *Paddy the Next Best Thing*, and finds the performances maddeningly restless. His criticism of restless acting is worth reading. ‘Miss O’Neil was on the go the whole time. It was as though she were on springs. For every word a fresh gesture, a new movement. A leap, a “hurroo,” a kiss, a frown, a totter, an expressive turn away, a pout — the changes are incalculable and incommunicable by written word. The whole effect is one of supreme restlessness.

‘The same effect was produced on me in *Little Women* — that every piece of business had been worked out to a pattern, and that all this comic rolling

of the eyes, pinching and pouting of the mouth, doubling up of the body, whirlwind dancing, cajolery, and violent physical exertion, was calculated to a hair’s-breadth. It showed enormous pains. But it is the sort of thing which is seen, presumably, to its best effect at a distance. Close at hand it is so restless that it makes one’s eyes ache.

‘A possible explanation of the popularity of this exaggeration of muscular and facial play may perhaps be found in one or both of two things. It may be found in the demand of all neurasthenic and neurotic people for sharp, loud noises, sudden action, rapid movement, and intense variety. It may result from the same nervous exhaustion that created the craze for jazz music, the demand for extraordinarily rapid means of transit, for anything fresh in the way of sensation. It may thus belong to our time, and be an inevitable phase in the world’s progress toward satiety. Or, it may have developed with the development of the film industry.

‘Facial play and muscular energy, without the spoken word, there tell the tale. Few English actors and actresses seem to have the natural physical expressiveness that makes good ‘movies,’ whereas the Americans make marvelous pictures and are among the best picture actors in the world. This would certainly account for the fact that restless acting is chiefly featured by Americans; whereas the Americans certainly have no monopoly of nervous disease. If the latter explanation is the true one, it might be worth while to start a campaign to stop the increasing alliance between the picture theatre and the legitimate stage. Something ought to be done at once. It would be deplorable if acting developed simply into the art of grimace.’

[*The London Mercury*]
THE SOLDIER ADDRESSES HIS
BODY

BY EDGELL RICKWORD

I shall be mad if you get smashed
about,

We've had good times together, you
and I;

Although you grouched a bit when luck
was out

And women passionless, and we
went dry.

Yet there are many things we have not
done;

Countries not seen, where people do
strange things,

Eat fish alive, and mimic in the sun
The solemn gestures of their stone-
gray kings.

I've heard of forests that are dim at
noon,

Where snakes and creepers wrestle
all day long;

Where vivid beasts grow pale with the
full moon,

Gibber and cry, and wail a mad old
song;

Because at the full moon the hippo-
griff

With ivory-pointed snout and agate
feet,

With his green eye will glare them cold
and stiff

For the coward wyvern to come
down and eat.

Vodka and kvas, and bitter mountain
wines

We have not drunk, nor snatched at
bursting grapes

To pelt slim girls among Sicilian vines
Who'd flicker through the leaves,
elusive shapes.

Yes, there are many things we have
not done,

But it's a sweat to knock them into
rhyme.

Let's have a drink, and give the cards
a run
And leave dull verse to the dull
peaceful time.

[*The New Statesman*]

PURPLE

BY MARTIN ARMSTRONG

Deep, deep is the night,
Brooding, cavernous, beautiful, wide.

Woods on the blue hillside
Show but as blurs in the gloom more
deeply glooming,

And the long, familiar barn so bland
in the light,

Is grown phantasmal, a huge shape
dimly looming,

A yawning wave upreared to over-
whelm

Us that cower and wonder
In the heavy shadow under,
Dwindled to dwarfs in the midnight's
purple realm.

[*The New Witness*]

DIRGE

(*For any lonely burial*)

BY CHARLES WILLIAMS

Carry him by and lay him down,
Mourners there be none;
The priest mutters over the grave,
That low and lone one.

Poorly lived he and poorly died —
Care for that is none;
In a poor house, poor heart and mind,
A house now undone.

There is none here to weep for him—
Sorrow hath he none:
Carry him past and leave him low,
Now all need is done.

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